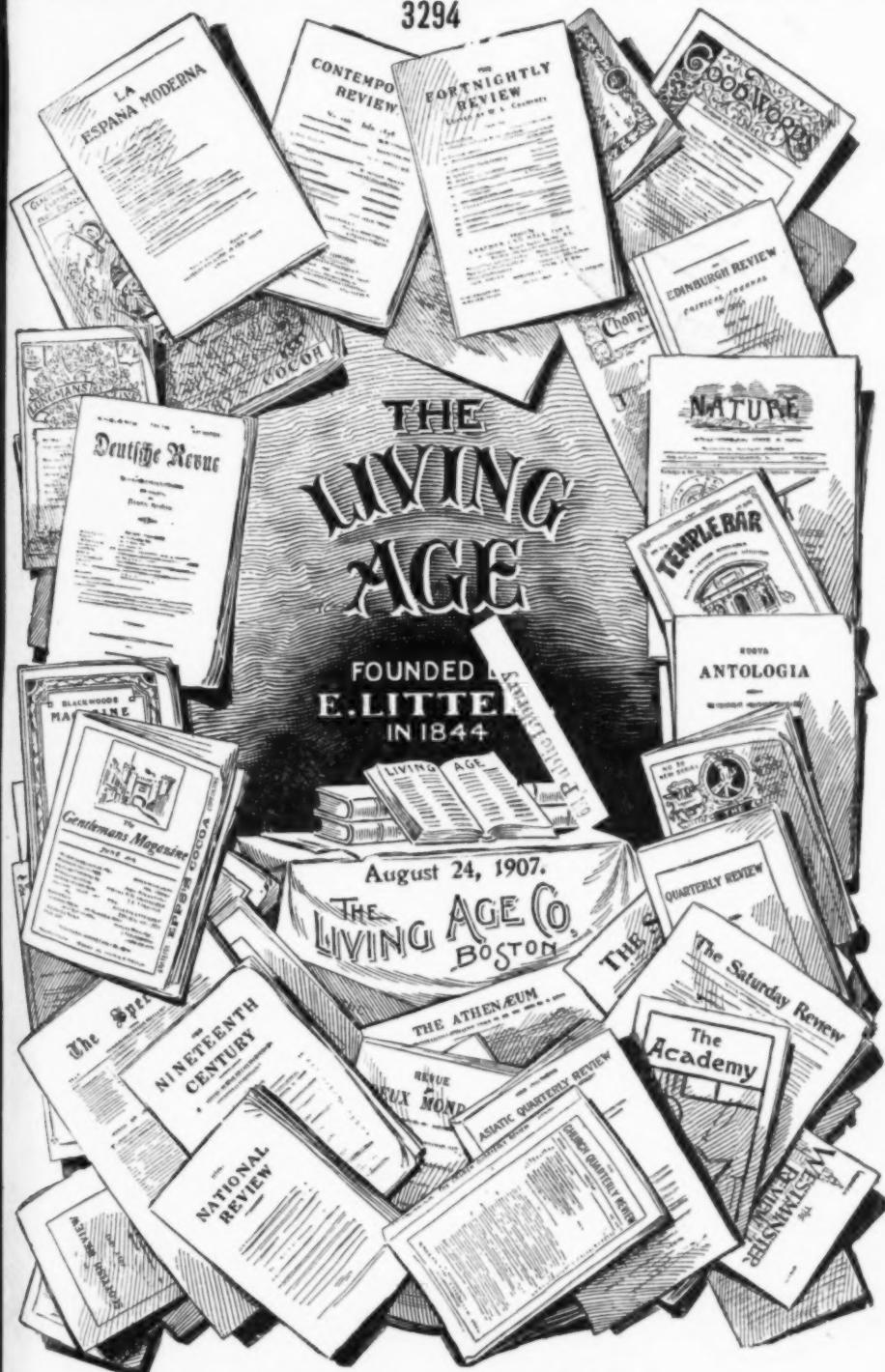


PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS. From The Quarterly Review.

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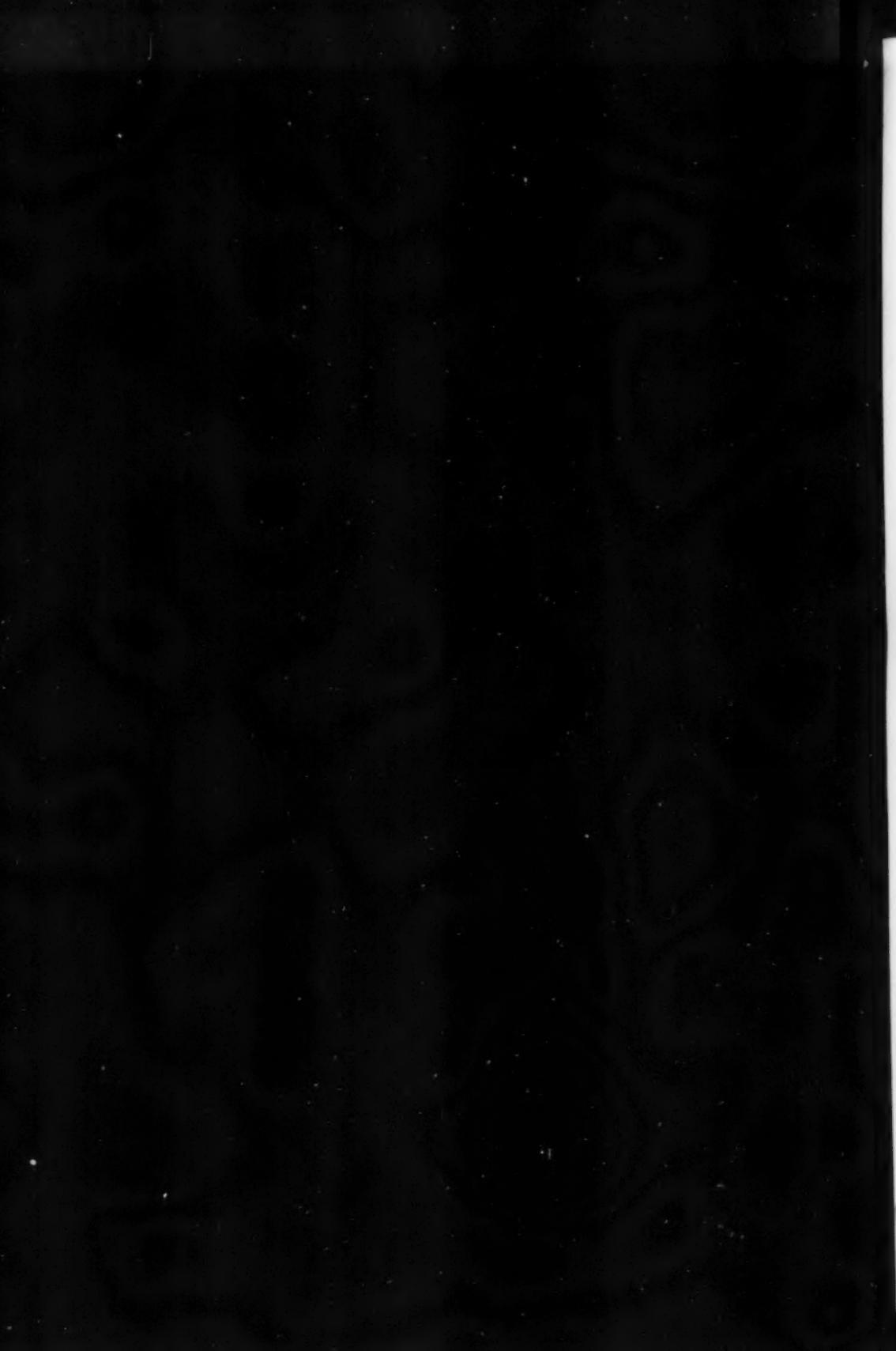
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THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXXVI.

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Vol. CCLIV.

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THE GARDEN.

There is a garden trim and neat,
With ordered paths for careful feet,
And dainty flowers of every kind
To please a watchful gardener's mind.

Here roses blossom, white and red,
Each in their own distinctive bed,
And lilies yonder, pure and fair,
Shed incense-perfume through the air.

There, humbly, in a distant plot
Clusters the blue Forget-me-not,
While from their due appointed places
The pansies raise their wistful faces.

Within the garden's sheltered walls,
Never a loosened petal falls
But swift the watchers go their round
And every faded leaf is found.

Set prim with box on either side,
Neat pathways all the plots divide,
And point so sure and straight a way
It were impossible to stray.

Oh, happy, happy bird and bee,
Who all your little life are free,
Since Nature gave you wings for dower,
To fit from flower to envious flower!

No pathway prim can hold you fast,
No walls so high but ye have passed;
And when, far off, ye fall and die,
No watchful gardener's there to pry.

Oh, whisper, ere ye fly away,
Of flowers that like the gypsies stray,
To these gay prisoners who stand
So wistful in their garden-land!

W. J. Cameron.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

DIANA'S FOOTPRINTS.

Though the leaves are still and the ambient air is hushed,
I know she has passed but an hour ago this way;
For the young green leaves of the bay are but newly crushed,
And no scent is surer to know than the scent of the bay;
And the dust of the pollen is still afloat in the air
That burst like steam from the pines as she bent the spray.

The way she went, that way will her feet return,
For here is a sandal dropped in the heat o' the chase.
The buckle is set with rubies like eyes that burn
In the heart of the jungle at dusk, from a tiger's face.
And the golden glance of the daisy is blurred with blood
From the wounded deer as he paused in his deathly race.

Ah, here she comes! The sound of her brazen horn
Thrills all the pendulous leaves with its threat of blood.
And the blossoms flutter down at the blast of scorn,
Or seal their beauty anew in the oval bud.
And the sweat of her steeds drips down as they neigh for home,
And over the strangled flowers their wild hooves thud.

Wilfrid C. Thorley.

The Saturday Review.

MY LADY'S GLOVE.

(Villanelle.)

This silken glove of my Mistress Prue,
White and light as her powder-puff:
A love-token dropped for me—or you?

How bold its gossamer web to woo
Fingers fine with its fairy fluff,
This silken glove of my Mistress Prue!

A trivial toy for a lover true,
Foolish cause for a lover's huff:
A love-token dropped for me—or you?

A shapely arm it has veiled from view;
Its fingers rested on my cuff,
This silken glove of my Mistress Prue.

Dropped as she vanished for one of two—
A battle-gage, though not of buff:
A love-token dropped for me—or you?

One of us soon will certainly rue
Those angry looks and seizure rough:
This silken glove of my Mistress Prue,
A love-token dropped for me—or you?

L. Etherege.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND THE TRUSTS.*

Some years ago the American trade invasion of Europe was the subject of apprehension on the part of European manufacturers and statesmen. The sudden expansion of the exporting capacities of the United States, due to the magnitude of its diversified resources, appeared to threaten not only the foreign but also the domestic trade of Europe, and to call for concerted international action. Since the Civil War, American industry, depending in part on natural resources, in part on a protective tariff, had developed to large dimensions. The departure of the age of free land had turned attention to more intensive cultivation, thereby giving an impetus to manufacturing enterprise. To the foreign observer, the exporting power of the United States seemed to be increased by the methods of industrial organization. Partly through the aid of Protection, partly in obedience to economic forces, industry had become more and more concentrated. The protective tariff ensured to concentrated Industry a virtual monopoly in the home-market, to the practical exclusion of foreign competition. It appeared that, a high rate of profit being made in the great home-market, surplus products could be

disposed of in the foreign markets at figures well-nigh defying competition.

The great activity in the creation of Trusts, during the speculative period of 1901-1902, appeared to make American competition especially threatening. Now, barely four years have elapsed, and already a halt has been called in the Trust movement. At first the alluring tales of the promoters, which were worthy of being classed with those of the South-Sea Bubble, attracted capital in plenty. But soon the financial weakness of many of the speculative combinations which designing individuals endeavored to unload on a too credulous public became apparent. Conservatism asserted itself. The public became critical; and mere size and promoter's estimates were no longer sufficient. Since then, the aroused antagonism of the American people has challenged those monopoly privileges in the home-market which were, in great part, the postulate of Trust success in foreign trade.

Part of the antagonism to the Trusts is due to the fact that the American people have feared, as a result of monopolistic control of industry, the pinch of rising prices. Part of it is due to attacks on existing abuses,

* 1. "Hearings before the Committee on Interstate Commerce." Vols. I-III. Washington, 1905.

2. "Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Beef Industry." Washington, 1905.

3. "Illinois Manufacturers' Association. Report of Investigating Committee." Chicago, 1906.

4. "The Neill-Reynolds Report on the Chicago Packing Industry." Submitted to Congress, June 5, 1906.

5. "Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on the Transportation of Petroleum." Washington, 1906.

6. "Report of the Joint Committee of the Senate and Assembly of the State of New York, appointed to investigate the affairs of Life Insurance Companies." Albany, 1906.

7. "The Jungle." By Upton Sinclair. New York: Macmillan Co., 1905.

8. "The Packers, the Private Car Lines, and the People." By J. Ogden Armour. Philadelphia: Altemus Co., 1906.

9. "International Commercial, and Financial Gambling." By C. W. Smith. London: P. S. King and Son, 1906.

10. "The United States in the Twentieth Century." By P. Leroy-Beaulieu. Authorized translation by H. Addington Bruce. New York: Funk and Wagnalls, 1906.

11. "A History of the Northern Securities Case." By B. H. M. Madison. Bulletin of the University of Wisconsin, 1906.

12. "Über den Amerikanischen Stahltrust." By Julius Gutmann. Essen: Baedeker, 1906.

which have not distinguished the evil from the good. The literature of exposure has, for the past four years, been popular in the United States. That much of the activity in this direction has been justified may readily be admitted. The cynical supineness which led otherwise respectable citizens to acquiesce in "boss" rule had so long been a commonplace that it scarcely excited comment. The exposures made by Mr. Lincoln Steffens in "The Shame of the Cities," articles which enjoyed a wide currency through the columns of "McClure's Magazine," undoubtedly quickened the civic conscience and materially aided the reform movements in Philadelphia and other cities, which till then had been "corrupt, but contented." The thoroughgoing investigations of Mr. Hitchcock, President Roosevelt's able Secretary of the Interior, exposed land frauds which resulted in the disgrace of a Congressman and of a Senator. Prosecutions in the courts opened prison doors for another Senator who had used his official position to shield a "get-rich-quick" scheme which was making fraudulent use of the mails. Subordinate government officials have been found guilty of furnishing speculators with advance crop-statistics. This civic house-cleaning has been magnified in importance because it has been done in the full glare of day.

But the exposures in governmental circles have been overshadowed by those in the field of business—exposures which have somewhat shattered the complacent belief in the superiority of business over governmental methods. The exposures in the field of insurance have been especially significant. As a result of squabbles in the Equitable Life Insurance Company, a committee of the New York Legislature was appointed in July 1905 to investigate the affairs of the life insurance companies, which had been

subject to a nominal inspection by the State. The Equitable Life, the New York Life, and the Mutual Life, which control the bulk of the insurance business, and which are popularly known as "The Big Three," as well as various companies of less importance, were investigated. The ceaseless activity and intelligent insight of Mr. Hughes, now the Republican Governor of New York State, probed the abuses to the bottom. The report of this committee, known from its chairman as the Armstrong Committee, was published in January 1906. It found that the directors of leading insurance companies had neglected their duties as trustees. Some of them, acting as directors of subsidiary enterprises, had used the funds of the insurance companies to aid in financing enterprises in which they were engaged. The report states (p. 276) that

Through the control of subsidiary corporations, by means of stock ownership, some [life-insurance companies] have practically transacted the business of banks and trust companies. . . . In addition to investments in stock, insurance corporations have placed millions of dollars at the disposal of other companies through the maintenance of inactive deposit accounts at low rates of interest. . . . Purchases have been made, not for investment, but for sale; and the large corporations have freely furnished their support to numerous ventures through participation in the undertaking of syndicates.

Participation in speculative undertakings seemed to the insurance companies to be justified by a profitable outcome. Political contributions were made from the funds of the companies, either to support political views, or on the frank assumption that the political party so aided would be friendly to the insurance interest. Professional lobbyists, plentifully supplied with money, were maintained at the various seats

of government to protect the interests of their companies. Not in defence but in explanation of this lobbying activity, it may be said that legislation inimical to insurance interests has been introduced in State Legislatures with a view to extorting money from the insurance companies. The more recent exposures in the Pennsylvania railway system, which have shown that railway officials have obtained stock at low or nominal figures, in companies furnishing freight to the railway, the understood consideration being illicit favors in railway rates, has given a further shock to the complacency of the American people.

It is not to be assumed that the evils thus exposed, discreditable as they are, are characteristic of all American industry. But the literature of exposure, more particularly that phase of it popularly known as "yellow journalism," has luxuriated in its opportunity. In this work the group of newspapers owned by Mr. W. R. Hearst, of New York, has, by cartoon, editorial, and news item, been most active. The result is that there is at the present moment a widespread distrust of large capitalistic organizations, and a tendency to identify large fortunes with the plundering of the people. President Roosevelt has recognized the danger of the existing situation, and has appealed to the conscience of the nation against the obtaining of money by corrupt means. In attacking "predatory wealth" he said in October 1905,

The man of great means who achieves an immense fortune by crooked means does a wrong to the body-politic and becomes a source of danger to the nation. The conscience of the people has been shocked by the recent exposures of how great fortunes are made; and a serious effort should be made to put a stop to the cynical dishonesty with which men debauch business and political life. The worst citizens are the men who

have achieved great wealth, or any other form of success, in any save a clean and straightforward manner.

The President has been charged by the ultra-conservatives with stirring up discontent against wealth as wealth. But this is a total misrepresentation of his position. In his speech at Harrisburg, on October 4, 1906, he said:

All honest men must abhor and reprobate any effort to excite hostility to men of wealth as such. We should do all we can to encourage thrift and business energy, to put a premium on the conduct of the man who honestly earns his livelihood, and more than his livelihood, and who honestly uses the money he has earned.

While there has been an increasing body of opposition to the monopolistic features of combinations in general, the combinations which are at present attracting the greatest attention are the railways, the Standard Oil Company, and the beef industry. Consolidations of great size have taken place in the railway industry of the United States. In the absence of provision for Federal chartering of railways, the railways were, in the first instance, of local interest alone, obtaining their sanction from State legislation. As the importance of through traffic developed, in the early fifties, closer relations were set up between the separate links necessary to establish through routes. The constituent companies remained subject to State legislation; the control became centralized. Thus grew up the Vanderbilt system, at first loosely related, and the more closely integrated system of the Pennsylvania railway. The anomaly presented itself of railways receiving their sanction from State legislation, while at the same time the bulk of their business was spread over several States. The later phases of railway integration have

gone further. There have been endeavors, through consolidations of competing trunk-lines, to divide the country into railway districts.

The great industrial expansion beginning with the opening up of the west in the early seventies, of which the railways were at the same time both a cause and a result, brought to light many grievances in the existing railway system. The westward extension of the area of territory tributary to the railways made transportation by way of the Great Lakes less effective as a regulative factor in railway rates. Consequently many rate anomalies manifested themselves. The outcome of this was a long period of discussion and agitation, which culminated in 1887 in the creation of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The legislation creating this body was intended to afford a more speedy and less expensive process of dealing with railway grievances than was afforded by actions in the courts.

Since the enactment of this legislation new grievances have become important. These are concerned with the commanding position of the private-car companies and the opportunities afforded for rebates. In the development of the transportation of perishable commodities the long distances to be traversed demanded special facilities. The railways were unwilling, because of expense, to supply this additional equipment. Mr. P. D. Armour, then head of the Armour packing interests, therefore found it necessary to build refrigerator cars to use in the transportation of meat. Subsequently this company engaged in the transportation of fruits and other perishable commodities. In general, the railways have refrained from the investment of capital in such cars, both because of the amount of capital required, and because the demand for the cars is intermittent. For example, a railway

situated in the southern States cannot on account of the short fruit-season, afford to maintain an expensive equipment of refrigerator cars to carry Georgia peaches to the northern markets. The Armour Company, on the other hand, carries not only the peaches of Georgia, but also the later peaches of Michigan and the small fruits and other perishable commodities of intervening sections and periods. The private-car company can thus more steadily utilize the capital invested.

In addition to private cars owned by the Standard Oil Company, and cars owned by other smaller companies, there are, in round numbers, twenty-five thousand such cars owned by the leading packing companies, one-half of these belonging to the Armour Company. The advantages to a company, e.g. the Armour Company, in owning private cars are: the obtaining of adequate facilities, both as to number of cars and refrigerator service; the securing of the mileage payment allowed by the railways for the use of such cars; and the obtaining of the incidental profits arising from refrigeration. It is in connection with the second and third of these headings that grievances have arisen. The owner of the private car lends his equipment to the railway, receiving in return a specified mileage rate. This varies from three-fourths of a cent to one cent per car per mile. Whether the car is used for the transportation of his own products, or is turned over to some shipper, or travels empty, the owner of the car receives the mileage rate. In addition, the ordinary freight rate for the transportation of the commodity is paid.

This arrangement has been the subject of much criticism. There is no question of the great industrial services that private cars have rendered; but this is no rejoinder to the contention that their profits have been exorbitant. These, as is shown in Mr. Garfield's

report on the beef industry, have amounted to from 17 to 20 per cent. These companies have become so firmly entrenched as to be able to prevent the railways obtaining any reductions in the mileage rate allowances. Not only have the car companies obtained advantageous terms and lucrative earnings from mileage allowances, but they have also, by sending their cars over circuitous routes, been able to increase their mileage earnings. While it is true that in the shipment of perishable fruits, e.g. from California, the car companies have to accumulate large stocks of ice and incur large costs in connection therewith, it is at the same time apparent that their charges for refrigeration are much in excess of actual costs.

Not only has there been outcry because of high rates of profit obtained, and consequent pressure upon the shipper; there has also been complaint that the private-car companies have, on account of the volume of traffic they control, been able to command favors, either open or concealed, from the railways. The tank-cars of the Standard Oil Company receive, on the Pacific coast, a mileage rate of three-fourths of a cent, whether they are loaded or not. Only six-tenths of a cent are paid in the case of cars owned by independent producers, and this in the case of loaded cars only. The railways have held that they could not bear the expense of the special tank-car equipment. By so doing they have put themselves at the mercy of the Standard Oil Co., which differs from the independent companies in that it owns a large number of cars which may be used in the transportation of oil other than its own. The Standard Oil Company has used this to its own advantage. By creating an artificial scarcity of cars, it has rendered it impossible for the independent companies to fulfil their contracts. There have been spo-

radic attempts on the part of the railways to escape from the bondage of the Standard by supplying cars; but these efforts have failed. Under the influence of the Standard, the railways have placed obstacles in the way of the operation of tank-cars owned by independents. The result has been that the consumers of oil, in order to obtain an adequate supply, have been forced to make contracts with the Standard. The process of consolidation has thus been hastened. In various instances the Standard has fulfilled its contracts with oil obtained from these independents at prices ruinously low. The legal status of the private cars has been uncertain, it being urged that they are not common carriers; and hence it has been well-nigh impossible to obtain redress.

The Standard Oil Company has stood in the front of American Trusts. It has been a favorite topic in the literature of exposure. To the attacks made upon it it has not openly replied. It is a close corporation, whose stocks are not quoted; and it has shunned publicity. The skill of its organization on the legal side has challenged attention. Hitherto it has been impossible to attack it successfully in the courts. On the business side its organization has been masterly. Through the complete development of the economies of an integrated industry, it has, through the utilization of by-products, built up a large profit fund. The output of coal-oil in the United States amounts annually to about 26,000,000 barrels; of this the Standard controls 23,000,000. It controls approximately the same proportion of the other finished products of petroleum. In the distribution of its refineries it has so arranged them, in relation to the centres of supply and of demand, as to eliminate the wastes of unnecessary transportation arising from the payment of cross-freights. Its large investments in pipe lines have

enabled it to pipe the crude oil to the refineries at a very low cost. Allowing for interest on the investment and depreciation of the pipe line, oil can be sent from the oil-fields of western Pennsylvania to the refineries on the Atlantic seaboard for ten cents a barrel. To carry it by rail would cost at least four times as much. Crude oil is to-day piped fifteen hundred miles from the Indian Territory, in the south-west, to the refineries at New York Harbor. The capitalization of the Company is conservative and has been exempt from the evil effects of stock exchange flurries which have harassed other combinations. The protection of the tariff has meant nothing to it, for its advantages have come from the control of a natural monopoly. In this it differs from many other Trusts. The interests allied in it have far-reaching ramifications. Investments in banks, railways, and mining have enabled the Standard Oil group to exercise a wide industrial influence; and the secrecy which it has, from policy, pursued has made its potential influence still more formidable.

While it has many economic advantages, it has not scrupled to aggrandize its business by underhand means. In the earlier period of its history, control of capital enabled it to extort illicit privileges from the railways. The threat to divert traffic from a struggling railway to a pipe line would obtain a secret rate. The secret rate, once obtained, would afford a fulcrum for the extortion of a similar, if not more far-reaching, concession from other railways. It has always made use of unfair competition. In the Ohio field, when a producer refused to dispose of his property on the terms offered by the Standard, it would drill for oil all round his property until the oil was taken away from his oil-well and his property became valueless. Such object-lessons did not often need to be repeated. No matter how distant

he may be from the main lines of communication, nor how petty his business may be, any retailer who cuts the price on oil will soon find that the Standard Oil Co. is ready to eliminate him by selling oil below cost. On one occasion a refiner, who had developed a process whereby corn oil could be used in the manufacture of paints, confidently made an arrangement whereby he was to obtain capital from the Standard Oil Co. The travellers of that Company, when questioned concerning the corn oil, would speak disparagingly of it. In a short time the business of the refiner, who threatened, because of his lower cost of production, to be a competitor of the Standard Oil Company, was ruined; and the financial support given to him by the Standard at once ceased.

Although the original Trust agreement of this Company was declared illegal by the Supreme Court of Ohio in 1892, the law's delays were so utilized that the Trust was not dissolved for seven years. In 1899 the Standard Oil Co. of New Jersey was reorganized with a capital of \$110,000,000. This Company, which acts as a holding company, took over and placed in a more centralized form than ever the control of the seventy constituent companies. Under this new arrangement the profits of the Standard Oil Co. have exceeded all previous figures. Since 1900 the dividends have varied from 48 per cent. to 36 per cent., and have averaged 42½ per cent.

While the Federal legislation of 1887 forbade the granting of rebates, and while the subsequent legislation of 1903, known as the Elkins Bill, endeavored to make the prohibition more stringent, the Standard has not been content to utilize simply the advantages given it by control of supply and command of capital. Secret rates have been obtained from points whence the Standard is the only shipper, to points where

competition exists. In this way a larger extent of territory is tributary to the Standard Oil refineries than to those of the independents. The law demands the publication of rates on interstate shipments; but an advantage is given to the Standard through low secret rates on traffic wholly within the boundaries of a given State. The rates on such traffic are, of course, free from Federal supervision. The provisions of the Federal legislation have also, by manipulations and combinations of rates, been evaded in the case of interstate shipments. Secret State rates have been combined with interstate rates, more or less public in character, whereby a total rate is obtained which is much less than the published through rate from the initial point of shipment to the final destination. Through rates by circuitous routes are made up by combinations of rates, which are known only to the agents of the Standard Oil Company; consequently this favored company is able to underbid its competitors. The system of "blind billing" is used to conceal the rates actually charged on the shipments of the Standard. Under this arrangement the rate actually charged does not appear on the face of the waybill; and the collection of freight charges is made, not through the local officials, but through some general official of the railway, and on the presentation of a summary bill showing the amount of freight charges at the secret rate. As Mr. Garfield says, in his report on the oil industry (p. 8),

There is no escape from the conclusion, based both on specific evidence and upon the general character of the general rate adjustments, that the Standard not only uses, but largely initiates and secures, these rate discriminations so advantageous to itself and baffling to its competitors, and that the Standard is often responsible for the use of these secret methods which inure to its exclusive benefit.

We now turn to another department in which grave scandals have occurred. The most important of the packing houses are those owned by the Armour, Swift, Morris, National, Schwarzschild and Sulzberger, and Cudahy Packing Companies. These are commonly known as the "Big Six." Originally cattle were carried by rail to the east alive. This method of transportation was very costly, for only from 54 to 57 per cent, of the live weight of cattle constitutes dressed beef. It is obvious that, when the cattle were slaughtered at the terminus in the east, there was a great waste of transportation cost. There was also the disadvantage of shrinkage in weight on the way when the cattle were shipped alive. As the area of supply moved westwards, cost of transportation of live cattle for great distances became a still more important factor. The packing industry began, in the first instance, with pork products. Live hogs are subject to greater shrinkage in transit than live cattle; moreover, cured pork products are preferable to cured beef or mutton. As a result of this, pork-packing had obtained a considerable development in the early fifties. In 1865 the Chicago Stock Yards were opened; in 1868 a refrigerator car was patented; and in September 1869 the first shipment of fresh beef was carried from Chicago to Boston. The importance of the packing industry dates from the early seventies.

During 1903 the prices of beef cattle were much lower than during 1902; at the same time it was alleged that there was an unusually large margin between the price of beef cattle and the selling-price of fresh beef. In consequence of this the Department of Commerce and Labor was directed to investigate the subject. The findings ran counter to popular anticipation, and were the subject of much criticism. The report is, however, a most thor-

ough and painstaking one, and challenges the most careful attention. The capitalization of the companies known as the "Big Six" is, in round numbers, \$90,000,000, and is on a conservative basis. There has been a lack of publicity in regard to the business of the leading packers, since they are, on the whole, essentially private concerns. The advantages of stock-exchange manipulations have not been before the eyes of the companies, for the stock, with few exceptions, is held by members of the respective families controlling the packing-house groups. Under such conditions there is little or no inducement to inflate capitalization; there is indeed an argument against it, in that such increase would subject the companies to increased taxation. While the packers have a predominating position in the longer distance shipments of beef, the local butcher still holds an important position, with the result that the packers do not control more than 50 per cent. of the beef supply. Consequently any attempt of the packers to control prices is subject to the competition of the local butchers. At the same time the packing business is more readily subject to actual competition than many other types of industry. It owes nothing to the favors of the protective tariff. Upward movements in prices of beef may be expected henceforward; but these will in great part be attributable to the fact that, with the settlement of the country, the ranges on which large herds of cattle pastured are being broken up.

The packing industry is not a capitalistic monopoly. The business is not controlled by patents, secret processes, or monopoly of raw material. The amount of capital necessary to provide even a system of several plants with transportation lines and marketing facilities is not so large as seriously to hinder new competition in case very

high profits are made by the present concerns. The profits of dressed beef are by no means exorbitant. A considerable part of them comes from the utilization of by-products. Mr. Armour ("The Packers," etc., p. 186) says:

"Waste not" is the packer's creed; and his scientific faithfulness to it, inspired by self-interest, is actually one of the most fruitful sources of economic advantages to the people of the civilized world thus far brought about in the laboratory of the scientist.

From otherwise waste products there are manufactured fertilizers, sulphuric acid, and acid phosphates; blood albumen, used by calico-printers in the fixing of pigment colors, in the tanning of leather, and in the clarifying of liquors by the sugar manufacturers; glue, bristles for brushes, gelatine, brewer's isinglass, buttons, knife-handles, cyanide and chrome, pepsin, pancreatin, and many other substances. The margin of profit in any given period will depend not only on the returns from the meat disposed of, but also on the prices realized from the hides and by-products. Calculations for the period 1902-04 show that the profits of the packers from all these sources do not exceed \$1.50 per head of cattle slaughtered. Representative packing firms made profits not exceeding 2 per cent. on the investment.

But, while the beef industry is less monopolistic than many other of the integrated industries, and while it appears that the price level is not unduly high, the methods under which the products are prepared afford an opening for attack. It was in March 1905 that "The Jungle," which in many respects deserves the now trite title of an epoch-making book, was published. "The Jungle" is a piece of crude and revolting realism, describing the unsanitary conditions under which the beef-packing industry is carried on. No de-

tail is omitted to impress the reader with the utter filth that prevails. To add to the impression, the lives of a group of workers are studied; and the degradation of industry as a result of greed is heightened in effect by the physical and moral degradation of the workers. One is made to feel that the packing industry is a festering plague-spot which spreads contagion affecting not only life but morals. The reader is indirectly led to suspect that the same conditions exist in business generally; and the touches whereby attention is directed to the adulteration of articles of general necessity and to the bribery of machine politics leave the impression that a widespread corruption in business is but the analogue of the "reign of graft" in politics. The book is in reality a polemic intended to depict the wholesale putrescence of modern conditions, whose betterment is to be found only in socialism. For the author is a socialist, who has since undertaken the organization of a socialistic community near the city of New York, and who has been offered and has accepted the opportunity to lead a forlorn hope as a socialistic candidate for Congress in the State of New Jersey. The very attempt to prove a case by the massing of repulsive details which well-nigh tax the utmost limits of belief defeats in great measure the end in view; for the reader is stunned, not convinced, by the impact of the accusation.

Apparently the wholesale accusations of "The Jungle" had but little effect upon the demand for packing-house products. The book was published in March 1905; during the month of July 1905 there were 11,000,000 more pounds of packing-house products sold than in the previous July. The domestic trade for seven months during 1906 has exceeded by 300,000,000 lbs. the corresponding total for the preceding year. Apparently the people had become so

accustomed to exposure that they discounted it. The real effect was on the foreign trade, which showed a marked falling-off. In the month of September 1906 the exports of canned and of cured beef were 1,800,000 lbs. less than in September 1905.

The real force of the indictment appeared when it was made the subject of official investigation. The publishers of "The Jungle" had secured themselves against legal action by causing investigations to be made which satisfied them of the substantial accuracy of the accusation. The packers had not appreciated the full force of the indictment. Mr. Armour had said that, while "the business of slaughtering meat animals and converting them into food and products is not a parlor business at its best" (*op. cit.*, p. 364), there had, since the beginning of the packing industry, been a steady improvement in the methods of handling the products of the industry. The criticism he attributed to sensationalism and to widespread dislike of corporations. The conditions, he contended, were satisfactory because

at every step in the conversion of animals into meat the public is protected, not only by rigid inspection of every animal before slaughter, and of every carcass after slaughter, but also by the common-sense business methods of the packers themselves (*op. cit.*, p. 358.)

The matter having been brought to the attention of the President, he caused an investigation to be made by Mr. Charles P. Neill, head of the Federal Bureau of Labor, and Mr. James B. Reynolds, who had been the secretary of Mayor Low during the reform administration in the city of New York. The report was a confidential one, made for the President's guidance, and satisfied him that more rigid inspection was necessary. Though the report was made on a comparatively short inspec-

tion of the conditions existing in Chicago, it unfortunately created the impression that the conditions found to exist there were general. In the interests of justice to business the investigation should have been more extensive. The report found that the demands of sanitation were in many respects neglected, and that the existing Federal inspection was inadequate. The President now pressed for a more stringent inspection law, but found himself hindered by the recalcitrancy of the House

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(*To be concluded.*)

of Representatives and the unwillingness of the packers to admit that more stringent supervision was necessary. It was under these conditions that the President made public the Neill-Reynolds report, which led to the enactment of new legislation. This was passed under the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce; and this power must be discussed before we can adequately appreciate the President's regulative campaign.

S. J. McLean.

MAN AND HIS BROTHER.

Traditional beliefs are like the *coco de mer* which was found, floating, here and there, on the sea, or washed up on the shore, and which gave birth to the strangest conjectures; it was supposed to tell of undiscovered continents or to have dropped from heaven itself. Then, one day, some one saw this peculiar cocoanut quietly growing on a tall palm-tree in an obscure islet of the Indian ocean. All we gather of primitive traditions is the fruit. Yet the fruit did not grow in the air, it grew on branches and the branches grew on a trunk and the trunk had a root. To get to the root of even the slightest of our own prejudices—let alone those of the savage—we should have to travel back far into times when history was not.

Lucretius placed at the beginning of the ages of mankind a berry-eating race, innocent of blood. The second age belonged to the hunter who killed animals, at first, and possibly for a long time, for their skins, before he used their flesh as food. In the third age animals were domesticated; first the sheep, because that was gentle and easily tamed (which one may see by

the mouflons at Monte Carlo), then, by degrees, the others.

This classification was worthy of the most far-seeing mind of antiquity. Had not human originally meant humane, we should not have been here to tell the tale. The greater traditions of a bloodless age are enshrined in sacred books; minor traditions of it abound in the folk-lore of the world. Man felt the nostalgia of innocence; his conscience, which has gone on getting more blunted, not more sensitive, revolted at the "daily murder." So mankind called upon heaven to provide an excuse for slaughter.

The Kirghis of Mongolia say that in the beginning only four men and four animals were made: the camel, the ox, the sheep and the horse, and all were told to live on grass. The animals grazed, but the men pulled up the grass by the roots and stored it. The animals complained to God that the men were pulling up all the grass, and that soon there would be none left. God said: "If I forbid men to eat grass, will you allow them to eat you?" Fearing starvation, the animals consented.

From the first chapter of Genesis to the last of the "Origin of Species" there is one long testimony to our vegetarian ancestor, but beyond the fact that he existed, what do we know about him? We may well believe that he lived in a good climate and on a plenteous earth. Adam and Eve could not have subsisted in Greenland. I think that the killing of wild animals, and especially the eating of them, began when man found himself confronted by extremes of cold and length of winter nights. The skins of animals gave him the only possibility of keeping warm or even of living at all, if he was to brave the outer air, while their flesh may have been often the only food he could find. He was obliged to eat them to keep alive, as Arctic explorers have been obliged to eat their sledge-dogs. Not preference, but hard necessity, made him carnivorous.

These speculations are confirmed by the doings of the earliest man of whom we have any sure knowledge; *not* the proto-man, who must have developed, as I have said, under very different climatic conditions. Perhaps he sat under the palm-trees growing on the banks of the Thames, but though the palm-trees have left us their fruit, man, if he was there, left nothing to speak of his harmless sojourn. By tens of thousands of years, the earliest man with whom we can claim acquaintance is the reindeer hunter of Quaternary times. He hunted and fed upon the reindeer, but he had not tamed them. He wore reindeer skins, but he could not profit by reindeer milk; no children were brought up by hand, possibly to the advantage of the children. It is likely, by the by, that the period of human lactation was very long. The horse also was killed for food at a time infinitely removed from the date of his first service to man.

The reindeer hunter was a most intelligent observer of animals. He was

an artist and a very good one. The best of his scratchings on reindeer horn and bone of horses and reindeer in different attitudes are admirable for freedom, life, and that intuition of character which makes the true animal painter. For a time which makes one dizzy to look down upon, no such draughtsman appeared as the pre-historic cave dweller. The men of the age of Polished Stone and of the early ages of metals produced nothing similar in the way of design. They understood beauty of form and ornament, or, rather, perhaps, they still shared in Nature's own unerring touch; it took millenniums of civilization for man to make one ugly pot or pan. But these men had not the gift or even the idea of sitting down to copy a grazing or running animal.

We need not go far, however, to find a man who, living under nearly the same conditions as the reindeer hunter of Southern France, has developed the same artistic aptitude. I shall always recall with pleasure my visit to a Laplander's hut; it was in the broad daylight of Arctic midnight—no one slept in the hut, except a phenomenally small baby in a canoe-shaped cradle. The floor was spread with handsome furs, and its aspect was neither untidy nor comfortless. I reflected that this was how the cave-dweller arranged his safe retreat. Much more strongly was he brought to my mind by the domestic objects of every sort made of reindeer horn and adorned with drawings. As I write I have one of them before me, a large horn knife, the sheath of which ends with the branching points. It is beautifully decorated with *graffiti*, showing the good and graceful creature without whom the Laplander cannot live. The school of art is distinctly Troglodite.

A theory has been started that the man of the Quaternary age drew his horses and his reindeer solely as a

magical decoy, from the idea that the pictures "called" the game as whistling (i.e., imitating the sound of the wind) "calls" the wind. I do not know that the Lapps, though practised in magic, have any such purpose in view. It is said that it would be absurd to attribute a motive of mere artistic pleasure to the Troglodite. Why? Some races have as natural a tendency to artistic effort as the bower-bird has to decorate its nest. Conditions of climate must have given the hunter periods of enforced idleness, and art, in its earliest form, was, perhaps, always an escape from *ennui*, a mode of passing the time. That the early hunter dealt in magic is likely enough; he is supposed, though not on altogether conclusive grounds, to have been a fetich-worshipper, and fetich-worship is akin to some kinds of magic. But it does not follow that *all* his art had this connection. How animals appeared to his eyes we know; what he thought about them he has not told us. The Eskimo, the modern pre-historic man, who is believed to be a better-preserved type than even the Lapp, may be asked to speak for him.

The Eskimo can say that he had a friendly feeling towards all living things, notwithstanding that he fed on flesh, and that wild beasts sometimes fed on him. Not that he ever talked of wild beasts, for he had no tame ones. He had not a vocabulary of rude terms about animals. He was inclined to credit every species with many potential merits. The Eskimo is afraid—very much afraid—of bears. Yet he is the first to admit that the bear is capable of acting like the finest of fine gentlemen. A woman was in a fright at seeing a bear and so gave him a partridge; that bear never forgot the trifling service, but brought her newly killed seals ever after. Another bear saved the life of three men who wished to reward him. He politely

declined their offer, but if, in winter time, they should see a bald-headed bear, will they induce their companions to spare him? After so saying, he plunged into the sea. Next winter a bear was sighted and they were going to hunt him, when these men, remembering what had happened, begged the hunters to wait till they had had a look at him. Sure enough it was "their own bear!" They told the others to prepare a feast for him, and when he had refreshed himself, he lay down to sleep and the children *played around him*. Presently he awoke and ate a little more, after which he went down to the sea, leapt in, and was never seen again.

Even such lovely imaginings, we may believe, without an excessive stretch of fancy, gilded the mental horizon of the Troglodite. He had long left behind the stage of primal innocence, but no supernatural chasm gaped between him and his little brothers.

The reindeer hunters were submerged by what is more inexorable than man—Nature. The reindeer vanished, and with him the hunter, doomed by the changed conditions of climate. He vanished as the Lapp is vanishing; the poignantly tragic scene which was chronicled by two lines in the newspapers during the early summer of 1906—the suicide of a whole clan of Lapps whose reindeer were dead and who had nothing to do but to follow them—may have happened in what we call fair Provence. Thousands of men paid with their lives for its becoming a rose garden.

The successors of the reindeer hunters, Turanian like them, but far more progressive, were the lake-dwellers, the dolmen-builders, with their weaving and spinning, their sowing and reaping, their pottery and their baskets, their polished flints and their domestic animals. Man's greatest achievement, the domestication of animals, had been reached in the unrecorded ages that di-

vide the rough and the polished stone. Man, "excellent in art," had mastered the beast whose lair is in the wilds; "he tames the horse of shaggy mane, he puts the yoke upon its neck; he tames the tireless mountain bull." The great mind of Sophocles saw and saw truly that these were the mighty works of man; the works which made man, man. We know that when the Neolithic meat-eater of what is now Denmark threw away the bones after he had done his meal, these bones were gnawed by house-dogs. A simple thing, but it tells a wondrous tale. Did these dogs come with their masters from Asia, or had they been tamed in their Northern home? The answer depends on whether the dog is descended from jackal or wolf. In either case it is unlikely that the most tremendous task of domestication was the first.

Not everywhere has man domesticated animals, though we may be sure that he took them everywhere with him after he had domesticated them. If man walked on dry land across the Atlantic, as some enthusiastic students of sub-oceanic geography now believe that he did, he led no sheep, no horses, no dogs. In America, when it was discovered, there was only one domestic animal, and in Australia there was none. Of native animals, the American buffalo could have been easily tamed. It may be said that in Australia there was no suitable animal, but the dog's ancestor could not have seemed a suitable animal for a household protector; a jackal is not a promising pupil, still less a wolf, unless there was some more gentle kind of wolf than any which now survives. Might not a good deal have been made out of the kangaroo? Possibly the whole task of domestication was the work of one patient, intelligent and widely-spread race, kindred of the Japanese, who in making forest trees into dwarfs show the sort of qualities that would be

needed to make a wild animal not only unafraid (that is nothing), but also a willing servant.

The Neolithic man's eschatology of animals and of himself was identical. He contemplated for both a future life which reproduced this one. "The belief in the deathlessness of souls," said Canon Isaac Taylor, "was the great contribution of the Turanian race to the religious thought of the world." This appears to claim almost too much. Would any race have had the courage to start upon its way had it conceived death as real?

It is a modest creed and yet
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be
Like all the rest, a mockery.

It is a creed which springs from the very instinct of life. Two pelicans returning to their nest found their two young ones dead from sunstroke. The careful observer who was watching them has recorded that they *did not seem to recognize* the inert, fluffy heap as what *was* their fledglings; they hunted for them for a long while, moving the twigs of the nest, and at last threw one of the dead birds out of it. So the primitive man in presence of the dead knows that this is not *he*, and he begins to ask: where is *he*?

But if every race in turn has asked that question, it was asked with more insistence by some peoples than by others, and above all, it was answered by some with more assurance. The Neolithic Turanians had nothing misty in their vision of another world. It was full of movement and variety: the chase, the battle, the feast, sleep and awakening, night and day—these were there as well as here. Animals were essential to the picture, and it never struck the Neolithic man that there was any more difficulty about their living again than about his living again.

If he philosophized at all, it was probably after the fashion of the Eskimo who holds the soul to be the "owner" of the body: the body, the flesh, dies and may be devoured, but he who kills the body does not kill its "owner."

Vast numbers of bones have been found near the dolmens in Southern France. The steed of the dead man galloped with him into the Beyond. The faithful dog trotted by the little child, comrade and guardian. In the exquisite Hebrew idyll Tobias has his dog as well as the angel to accompany him on his adventurous earthly journey. The little Noeolithic boy had only the dog, and his journey was longer; but to some grieving fathers would it not be a rare comfort to imagine their lost darlings guarded by loving four-footed friends along the Path of Souls?

The Celtic conquerors of the dolmen-builders took most of their religious ideas. When successful aid in mundane matters was what was chiefly sought in religion, a little thing might determine conversion *en masse*. If the divinities of one set of people seemed on some occasion powerless, it was natural to try the divinities of somebody else. When success crowned the experiment, the new worship was formally adopted. This is exactly what happened in the historic case of Clovis and "Clothilde's god," and it doubtless happened frequently before the dawn of history. Druidism is believed to have arisen in this way in a grafting of the new on the old. The Celts had the same views about the next world as the dolmen-builders. They are thought to have taken them from the conquered with the rest of their religious system, but to me it seems unlikely that they had not already similar views, when they arrived from Asia. In the early Vedas goats and horses were sacrificed to go before and announce the coming of the dead; Vedic

animals kept their forms: the renewed body was perfect and incorruptible, but it was the real body. A celebrated race-horse was deified after death. Such beliefs have a strong affinity to the theory that animals (or slaves) killed at a man's funeral will be useful to him in the after life. However derived, our European ancestors embraced that theory to the full.

Only a few years ago a second Viking ship was found at Oseberg, in Norway, in which were the remains of ten horses, four dogs, a young ox and the head of an old ox. Three more horses were found outside. The dogs had on their own collars with long chains. There were also sledges with elaborately carved animals' heads. It was a queen's grave; her distaff and spinning-wheel told of simple womanly tasks amidst so much sepulchral splendor. In those late times the law by which religious forms grow more sumptuous as the faith behind them grows less, may have come into operation. Lavish but meaningless tributes may have taken the place of a provision full of meaning for real wants.

So the sacrifices to the gods may have been once intended to stock the pastures of heaven. It cannot be doubted that the victim was never *killed* in the mind of the original sacrificer, it was merely transferred to another sphere. The worse barbarity comes in when the true significance of the act is lost and when it is repeated from habit.

After animals were domesticated they were not killed at all for a long time—still less were they eaten. Of this there can be no shadow of doubt. The first domestic animals were far too valuable possessions for any one to think of killing them. As soon would a showman kill a performing bull which had cost him a great deal of trouble to train. Besides this, and more than this, the natural man, who is much better than he is painted, has

a natural horror of slaying the creature that eats out of his hand and gives him milk and wool and willing service.

There are pastoral tribes now in South Africa which live on the milk, cheese and butter of their sheep, but only kill them at the last necessity. In East Africa the cow is never killed, and if one falls ill, it is put into a sort of infirmary and carefully tended. We all know the divinity which hedges round the Hindu cow. The same compunction once saved the laboring ox. When I was at Athens for the Archæological Congress of 1905, Dr. R. C. Bosanquet, at that time head of the British school, told me that he had observed among the peasants in Crete the most intense reluctance to kill the ox of labor. In several places in Ancient Greece all sort of devices were resorted to in order that the sacrificial knife might seem to kill the young bull accidentally, and the knife—the guilty thing—was afterwards thrown into the sea. This last custom is important, it marks the moment when the slaughter of domestic animals, *even* for sacrificial purposes, still caused a scruple. The case stands thus: at first they were not killed at all; then, for a long time, they were killed only for sacrifice. Then they were killed for food, but far and wide relics of the original scruple may be detected, as in the common invocation of divine permission which every Moslem butcher utters before killing an animal.

Animal and human sacrifices are one phenomenon of early manners, not two. The people who sacrificed domestic animals to accompany their dead generally, if not always, also sacrificed slaves for the same purpose, and the sacrifice of fair maidens at the funerals of heroes was to give them these as companions in another world.

I am not aware that Gift Sacrifice ever led to cannibalism; nor, in its primitive forms, did it lead to eating the flesh

of the animal victim, which was buried or burnt with the body of the person whom it was intended to honor. This is what was done by the dolmen-builders. The earlier reindeer hunters had no domestic animals to sacrifice, and it is unlikely that they sacrificed men. At all events, they were not cannibals.

On the other hand, cannibalism is closely connected with Pact Sacrifice, which there is a tendency now to regard as antecedent to gift sacrifice, especially among those scholars who think that the whole human race has passed through a stage of Totemism. Psychologically the Totemist's sacrifice of a reserved animal, to which all the sanctity of human life is ascribed, resembles the sacrifice by some African tribes of a human victim—as in both cases, not only is a pact of brotherhood sealed, but also those who partake of the flesh are supposed to acquire the physical, moral, or supersensual qualities attributed to the victim. Indeed, it would be possible to argue that the Totem was a substitute for a human victim, and a whole new theory of Totemism might be evolved from that postulate; but it is wiser to observe such affinities without trying to derive one thing from another, which commonly proves a snare and a delusion. It is sufficient to note that among fundamental human ideas is the belief that man grows like what he feeds upon.

The sacrifice of the Totem, though found scattered wherever Totemism prevails, is not an invariable or even a usual accompaniment of it. When it does occur, the Totem is not supposed to die, any more than the victim was supposed to die in the primitive gift sacrifice. It changes houses, or goes to live with "our lost others," or returns to eternal life in the "lake of the dead." The death of the soul is the last thing that is thought of. The majority of Totemists do not kill their Totems un-

der any circumstances, and when the Totem is a wild beast they believe that it shows a like respect for the members of its phratry. If one dies they deplore its loss; in some parts of East Africa where the Totem is a hyena not even the chief is mourned for with equal ceremony.

Totemism is the adoption of an animal (or plant) as the visible badge of an invisible bond. The word Totem is an American Indian word for "badge," and the word Taboo a Polynesian term meaning an interdiction. The Totemist generally says that he is descended from his Totem; hence the men and the beasts of each Totem clan are brothers. But the beast is something more than a brother; he is the perpetual reincarnation of the race-spirit. Numerical problems never trouble the natural human mind; all the cats of Bubastes were equally sacred, and all the crows of Australia are equally sacred to the clans who have a crow for Totem. To the mass of country folks every cow is *the* cow, every mouse is *the* mouse; the English villager is practically as much convinced of this as the American Indian or the Australian native is convinced that every Totem is *the* Totem.

Men and women of the same Totem are *taboo*: they cannot intermarry. But I need not speak of Totemism here as a social institution. My business with it is limited to its place in the history of ideas about animals.

In Totemism we find represented not one idea, but an aggregation of most of the fundamental ideas of mankind. This is why the attempt to trace it to one particular root has failed to dispose of the question of its origin in a final and satisfactory manner. For a time there seemed to be a general disposition to accept what is called the "Nickname theory" by which Totemism was attributed to the custom of giving animal nicknames. We have a

peasant called Nedrott (in the Brescian dialect "duck"); I myself never heard his real name—his wife is "la Nedrott" and his children are "i Nedrotti." It is alleged that his father or grandfather had flat feet. But I never heard of a confusion between the Nedrotti and their nicknamesakes. It may be said that this would be sure to happen were they less civilized. How can we be sure that it would be sure to happen? An eminent scholar who objects to the nickname theory on the ground that it assigns too much importance to "verbal misunderstanding," proposes as an alternative the "impregnation theory." A woman, on becoming aware of approaching motherhood, mentally connects the future offspring with an animal or plant which happens to catch her eye at that moment. This is conceivable, given the peculiar notions of some savages on generation, but if all Totemism sprang from such a cause, is it not strange that in Australia there are only two Totems, the eagle-hawk and crow?

As a mere outward fact, the Totem is what its name implies, a badge or sign; just as the wolf was the badge of Rome, the lion the badge of the British Empire, the leek and the shamrock the badges of Wales and of Ireland. The convenience of adopting a common badge or sign may have appeared to men almost as soon as they settled into separate clans or communities. Besides public Totems there exist private and secret Totems, and this suggests that the earliest communities may have consisted of a sort of freemasonry, a league of mutual help of the nature of a secret society. Around the outward and so to speak heraldic fact of Totemism are gathered the impressions and beliefs which make it a rule of life, a morality and a religion.

The time may come when the desire to give a reason for an emotion will be recognized as one of the greatest fac-

tors in myth-making. The Totemist thinks that he spares his Totem because it is his Totem. But man is glad to find an excuse for sparing something. Altruism is as old as the day when the first bird took a succulent berry to its mate or young ones instead of eating it. Where men see no difference between themselves and animals, what more natural than that they should wish to spare them? When it was found difficult or impossible to spare all, it was a *katharsis* of the wider sentiment to spare one, and Totemism gave a very good excuse. It appealed to a universal instinct. This is not the same as to say that it had its origin in keeping pets; it would be nearer the truth to describe the love of pets as a later birth of the same instinctive tendency which the Totemist follows when he cherishes and preserves his Totem.

The primitive man is a child in the vast zoological garden of Nature; a child with a heart full of love, curiosity and respect, anxious to make friends with the lion who looks so very kind and the white bear who must want some one to comfort him. The whole folklore of the world bears witness to this temper, even leaving Totemism out of the question.

The Bechuanas make excuses to the lion before killing him, the Malays to the tiger, the Red Indian to the bear; he says that his children are hungry and need food, would the bear kindly not object to be killed? Some writers see Totemism in all this, and so it may be, but there is something in it deeper than even Totemism—there is human nature.

Take the robin—has any one said it was a Totem? Yet Mrs. Somerville declared she would as soon eat a child as a robin, a thoroughly Totemist sentiment. A whole body of protective superstition has crystallized around certain creatures which, because of their

confiding nature, their charming ways, their welcome appearance at particular seasons, inspired man with an unusually strong impulse to spare them. I was interested to find the stork as sacred to the Arabs in Tunis and Algeria as he is to his German friends in the North. A Frenchman remarked that "sacred birds are never good to eat," but he might have remembered the goose and hen of the ancient Bretons which Caesar tells us were kept "for pleasure" but never killed; not to speak of the pigeons of Moscow and of Mecca.

It should be observed how quickly the spared or cherished bird or beast becomes "lucky." In Germany and Scandinavia it is lucky to have a stork's nest on the roof. The regimental goat is the "luck of his company."

M. S. Reinach's opinion that in Totemism is to be found the secret of the domestication of animals offers an attractive solution to that great problem, but it has not been, nor do I think that it will ever be, generally accepted. It is, however, plain that where population is sparse, and dogs and guns undreamt of, wild animals would be far less wild than in countries with all the advantages of civilization; the tameness of birds on lonely islands when the explorer first makes his descent is a case in point. No doubt, therefore, with the encouragement they received, the animal Totems acquired a considerable degree of tameness, but from that to domestication there is a long step. Our household "Totem," the robin, is relatively tame; he will even eat crumbs on the breakfast table, but he flies away in spring time and we see him no more.

Besides being a social institution and a friendly bond between man and beast, Totemism is an attempt to explain the universe. Its spiritual vitality depends on the widely rooted belief in archetypes; the things seen are the mirror

of the things unseen, the material is unreal, the immaterial the only reality. We are ourselves but cages of immortal birds. The real "I" is somewhere else; it may be in a fish, as in the Indian folk-tale, or it may be in a god. I do not know, by the by, if it has been remarked that a man can be a Totem: the incarnation of the indwelling race-spirit. The Emperor of Japan corresponds exactly to this description. The deified Cæsar was a Totem. A god can be a Totem: among the Hidery Islanders of the North Pacific whose interesting legends were published by the Chicago folklore Association) the raven, which is their Totem, is the manifestation of the god Ne-klis-lass who created the world. Here Totemism approaches till it touches Egyptian zoomorphism. Was this form an earlier or a later development than that in which the Totem is merely an ancestor? Our inability to reply shows our real want of certainty as to whether Totemism is a body of belief in a state of becoming or in a state of dissolution.

We do know that Egyptian zoomorphism is not old, at least in the exaggerated shape it assumed in the worship of the bull Apis. It is a cult which owed its success to the animistic tendency of the human mind, but its particular cause is to be looked for in crystallized figurative language. The stupendous marble tombs of the sacred bulls that seem to overpower us in the semi-obscurity of the Serapeum remind one how easy it is to draw false conclusions relative to the past if we possess only half lights upon it: had Egyptian hieroglyphics never yielded up their secret we might have judged the faith of Egypt to have been the most material instead of one of the most spiritual of religions.

In Egyptian (as in Assyrian) cosmogony the visible universe is the direct creation of God. "The god who is immanent in all things is the creator of

every animal: under his name Ram, of the sheep Bull, of the cows: he loves the scorpion in his hole, he is the god of the crocodile who plunges in the water: he is the god of those who rest in their graves. Amon is an image, Atmee is an image, Ra is an image: HE alone maketh himself in millions of ways." Amon Ra is described in another grand hymn as the maker of the grass for the cattle, of fruitful trees for men yet unborn; causing the fish to live in the river, the birds to fill the air, giving breath to those in the egg, giving food to the bird that perches, to the creeping thing and to the flying thing alike, providing food for the rats in their holes, feeding the flying things in every tree. "Hail to thee, say all creatures. Hail to thee for all these things: the One, Alone with many hands, awake while all men sleep, to seek out the good of all creatures, Amon Sustainer of all!" This is, indeed, a majestic psalm of universal life.

Contrary to what was long the impression, the Wheel of Being was not an Egyptian doctrine, but the dead, or rather some of them, were believed to have the power of transforming themselves into animals for limited periods. It was a valued privilege of the virtuous dead: the form of a heron, a hawk or a swallow was a convenient travelling dress. Four-footed beasts were reserved to gods.

There was no prejudice against sport if carried on with due regard to vested sacred rights. The first hunting-dog whose name we know was Behkaa, who was buried with his master, his name being inscribed over his picture on the tomb. The injury of animals sacred to the gods was, of course, a grave sin. Among the protests of innocence of a departing soul we read: "I have not clipped the skins of the sacred beasts; I have not hunted wild animals in their pasturages; I have not netted the sacred birds; I have not

turned away the cattle of the gods; I have not stood between a god and his manifestation."

The Egyptian mind, which was essentially religious, saw the "god who is immanent in all things," yet standing outside these things to sustain them with his providence. The highly trained Chinese mind, with its philosophic trend, saw the divine indivisible intelligence without volition illuminating all that lived: "The mind of man and the mind of trees, birds and beasts, is just the one mind of heaven and earth, only brighter or duller by reflection; as light looks brighter when it falls on a mirror than when it falls on a dark surface, so divine reason is less bright in cow or sheep than in man." This fine definition was given by Choo-Foo-Tsze the great exponent of Confucianism, who when he was four years old surprised his father by asking, on being told that the sky was heaven, "What is above it?" Choo-Foo-Tsze in the thirteenth century anticipated some modern conclusions of geology by remarking that since sea shells were found on lofty mountains as if generated in the middle of stones, it was plain "that what was below became lifted up, what was soft became hard"; it was a deep subject, he said, and ought to be investigated. Long before the Nolan, Confucius had conceived the idea of the great Monad: "one God who contains and comprehends the whole world." It was an idea entirely incomprehensible to all but a few educated men in any age. Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism left the Chinese masses what they found them—a people whose folk-lore was their religion. Were they asked to believe in the Wheel of Being? They made that folklore too. A certain gentleman who had taken a very high degree enjoyed the privilege (which is admitted to be uncommon) of recollecting what happened between his last death and birth. Af-

ter he died, he was cited before a Judge of Purgatory and his attention was attracted by a quantity of skins of sheep, dogs, oxen, horses, which were hanging in a row. These were waiting for the souls which might be condemned to wear them; when one was wanted it was taken down and the man's own skin was stripped off and the other put on. This gentleman was condemned to be a sheep; the attendant demons helped him on with his sheep-skin, when the Recording Officer suddenly mentioned that he had once saved a man's life. The Judge, after looking at his books, ruled that such an act balanced all his misdoings: then the demons set to work to pull off the sheep-skin bit by bit, which gave the poor gentleman dreadful pain, but at last it was all got off except one little piece which was still sticking to him when he was born again as a man.

This story is amusing as showing what a mystical doctrine may come to when it gets into the hands of the thorough-going realist. For the Chinese peasant the supernatural has no mystery. To him it is a mere matter of ordinary knowledge that beasts, birds, fishes and insects not only have ghosts but also ghosts of ghosts—for the first ghost is liable to die. If any of these creatures do not destroy life in three existences, they may be born as men—a belief no doubt due to the Buddhists who in China seem to have concentrated all their energies on humanitarian propaganda and let metaphysics alone. Taoism has been called an "organized animism." Organized or unorganized, animism is still the popular faith of China. It is too convenient to lightly abandon, for it explains everything. For instance, whatever is odd, unexpected, very lucky, very unlucky, can be made as plain as day by mentioning the word "fox." Any one may be a fox without your knowing it: the fox is a jinnee, an elf

who can work good or harm to man, who can see the future, get possession of things at a distance and generally outmatch the best spiritualist medium. In Chinese folk-lore the fox has, as it were, made a monopoly of the world-wide notion that animals have a more intimate knowledge of the supernatural than men. Soothsayers are thought to be foxes because they know what is going to happen.

* Man's speculations about himself and the universe arrange themselves under three heads; those which have not yet become a system, those which are a system, those which are the remains of a system. It is impossible that any set of ideas began by being a system unless it were revealed by an angel from heaven. But no sooner do ideas become systematic than they pass into the stage of dogma, which is accepted, not discussed. Everything is made to fit in with them. Thus to find the free play of the human mind one must seek it where there are the fewest formulæ, written or unwritten, for tradition is as binding as any creed or code. There are savage races which, if they ever had Totemism, have preserved few if any traces of it. To take them one by one and inquire into their views on animals would be well worth doing, but it is beyond my modest scope. I will say this, however: show me a savage who has not some humane and friendly ideas about animals! The impulse to confess brotherhood with man's poor relations is everywhere the same: the excuses or reasons given for it vary a little. The animal to be kindly treated is the sanctuary of a god, the incarnation of a tribe or simply the shelter of a poor wandering ghost.

The Amazulu, one of the finest of savage races, believes that *some* snakes are Amatongo—*some*, not all. In fact, these snakes which are dead men are rather rare. One kind is black and another green. An Itongo

does not come into the house by the door nor does it eat frogs or mice. It does not run away like other snakes. Some say, "Let it be killed." Others interfere, "What, kill a man?" If a man die who had a scar, and you see a snake with a scar, ten to one it is that man. Then, at night, the village chief *dreams* and the dead man speaks to him. "Do you now wish to kill me? Do you already forget me? I thought I would come and ask you for food, and do you kill me?" Then he tells him his name.

Without any teaching, without any system, the savage thinks that the appearances which stand before him in sleep are real. If they are not real, what are they? The savage may not be a reasonable being, but he is a being who reasons.

In the morning the village chief tells his dream and orders a sin-offering to the Itongo (ghost) lest he be angry and kill them. A bullock or a goat is sacrificed and they eat the flesh. Afterwards they look everywhere for the snake, but it has vanished.

A snake that forces its way rapidly into a house is known to be a liar and he is a liar still. Do they turn him out of doors with a lecture on the beauty of veracity? Far from that. "They sacrifice something to such an Itongo." A few men turn into poisonous snakes, but this is by no means common. If offended, the Amatongo cause misfortune, but even if pleased, they do not seem to confer many benefits; perhaps they cannot, for surely it is easier to do evil than good. Once, however, a snake which was really the spirit of a chief placed its mouth on a sore which a child had; the mother was in a great fright, but happily she did not interfere and the snake healed the sore and went silently away.

Other animals are sometimes human beings as well as snakes. The lizard is often the Itongo of an old woman.

A boy killed some lizards in a cattle-pen with stones. Then he went and told his grandmother, who said he had done very wrong—those lizards were chiefs of the village and should have been worshipped. I think the grandmother was a humane old person; I even suspect that she said the lizards were chiefs and not old women to make the admonition more awful. The man who told this story to Canon Callaway (from whose valuable work on the Amazulu I take these notes) added that, looking back to the incident, he doubted if the lizards were Amatongo after all, because no harm came of their murder. He thought that they must have been merely wild animals which had become tame owing to people mistakenly thinking that they were Amatongo.

What can one say to boys who ill-treat lizards? I own that I have threatened them with ghostly treatment of the same sort. I even tried the supernatural argument with a little Arab boy, otherwise a nice intelligent child, who was throwing stones at a lizard which was moving at the bottom of the deep Roman well at El Djem: I did not know then that the persecution of lizards in Moslem lands is supposed (I hope erroneously) to have been ordered by Mohammed "because the lizard mimics the attitude of the Faithful at prayer."

The lizard, one of the most winsome of God's creatures, has suffered generally from the prejudice which made reptile a word of reproach. It is the more worthy of remark, therefore, that in a place where one would hardly expect it protective superstition has done its work of rescue: Sicilian children catch lizards, but let them go unhurt to intercede for them before the Lord, as the lizard is held to be "in the presence of the Lord in heaven." One wonders if this is some distant echo of the text about the angels of the children

(their archetypes) who always see God.

Not always were reptiles scorned, but, possibly, they were always feared. Man's first idea is to worship what he fears; his second idea, which may not come for many thousand years, is to throw a stone at it. The stone, besides representing physical fear, at a given moment also represents religious reprobation of what had been an object of worship in a forsaken faith. Primitive man took the interest of a wondering child in the great Saurian tribe. How did he know that they *flew*, that there were "dragons" on the earth? How did he know that the snake once had legs—for if the snake of Eden was ordered to go on its belly, the inference seems to be that he once moved in another way? The snake has lost his legs and the lizard his wings, and how the ancient popular imagination of the world made such accurate guesses about them must be left a riddle, unless we admit that it was guided by the fossil remains of extinct monsters.

The serpent of the Biblical story was, says Dr. H. P. Smith, "simply a jinnee—a fairy if you will—possessed of more knowledge than the other animals, but otherwise like them." Here, again, we meet in the most venerable form the belief that animals know more than men. Can we resist the conclusion that to people constantly inclined towards magic, like the old-world Jews, it must have appeared that Eve was dabbling in magic—by every rule of ancient religion, the sin of sins?

The cult of the serpent in its many branches is the greatest of animal cults, and it is the one in which we see most clearly the process by which man from being an impressionist became a symbolist, and from being a symbolist became a votary. We have only to read the Indian statistics of the number of persons annually killed by snake-bite to be persuaded that fear must have

been the original feeling with which man regarded the snake. Fear is a religious feeling in primitive man, but other religious feelings were added to it—admiration, for the snake, as all who have had the good luck to observe it in its wild state must agree, is a beautiful, graceful and insinuating creature; a sense of mystery, a sense of fascination which comes from those keen eyes fixed fearlessly upon yours, the simple secret, perhaps, of the much discussed power of snakes to fascinate their prey. What wonder if man, under the influence of these combined impressions, symbolized in the serpent a divine force which could be made propitious by worship!

In the forming of cults there has always been this unconscious passage from impressions to symbols, from symbols to "manifestations." But there has been also the conscious use of symbols by the priests and sages of ancient religions, in imparting as much of divine knowledge to the uninitiated as they thought that the uninitiated could bear. The origin of serpent worship has a probable relationship with this conscious use of symbols as well as with their unconscious growth.

Besides the prejudice against reptiles, modern popular superstition has placed

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several animals under a ban, and especially the harmless bat and the useful barn owl. Traditional reasons exist, no doubt, in every case; but stronger than these are the associations of such creatures with the dark, in which the sane man of a certain temperament becomes a partial lunatic, a prey to unreal terrors which the flap of a bat's wing or the screech of an owl is enough to work up to the point of frenzy. It is a most unfortunate thing for an animal if it is the innocent cause of a *frisson*, a feeling of uncanny dread. The little Italian owl, notwithstanding that it too comes out at dusk, has escaped prejudice. This was the owl of Pallas Athene and of an earlier cult. As in the case of the serpent, its wiles to fascinate its prey were the groundwork of its reputation for wisdom. Of this there cannot be, I think, any doubt, though the droll bobs and curtsies which excite an irresistible and fatal curiosity in small birds have suggested in the mind of the modern man a thing so exceedingly far from wisdom as *civetteria*, which word is derived from *civetta*—"the owl of Minerva," as Italian class-books say. The descent from the goddess of wisdom to the coquette is the cruellest decadence of all!

E. Martinengo Cesaresco.

THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Charles took a last look at his reflection in the water as he stood on the bridge over the lock, and decided that on the whole he would do. The resources of Oldborough had been somewhat strained that afternoon to supply the demands of three unreasonable strangers, who all wanted perfectly fitting clothes, cut in the latest fashion, then and there. This, however, the

manager of the principal emporium regretfully assured them could not be; a perfect fit they could have; the latest fashion they could have, (the manager, of course, did not know of the rapidity with which fashions alter in the Metropolis and he was referring to the latest but four); but it was impossible that they could have these things on the instant. Let them give him a little reasonable time and he would match his

establishment against any similar establishment in London, a somewhat overrated city, as he hinted.

Charles enquired what the manager considered a reasonable time. Could he let them have the clothes to-morrow? The manager smiled decorously at what was an obvious witticism on the part of a prospective client, and, revolving the matter in his head, finally promised that the clothes should be ready in a fortnight. He explained that this was unusually precipitate, but as he was upon his mettle he would do it. It is to be feared that neither Charles nor his friends appreciated this offer as the concession it really was, for the one laughed, the others shrugged their shoulders, and all were unanimous in saying that they might as well wait fourteen years as fourteen days. Charles then declared that he would send his telegram after all, and the three made as if to depart.

But the manager could not see custom leaving him without a special effort to keep it somehow, and he hurriedly added that perhaps Charles would like a suit of white flannels, such as he had just made for a gentleman in the neighborhood and not yet sent home. Now he came to look at him, Charles's measurements must be almost identical with those of the man in question, and the suit was there now; Charles might do worse than try it on. It was forthwith produced, and found more or less satisfactory. The unknown gentleman was apparently a trifle broader in the back, but otherwise there was little amiss with the fit. Finally, despite suggestions from both the Admiral and Majendie that Charles looked on the whole more presentable in his old clothes, and that the new suit would fit either of them with greater precision, Charles became the proud possessor of the unknown gentleman's garments at a somewhat extravagant price.

This success rendered the manager more hopeful, and he remembered that he might be able to do something of the same kind for the Admiral and Majendie, who asked whether he had any more clients of about their size. It appeared that, by all that was fortunate, two other unknown gentlemen, who in point of measurement might have been doubles of the Admiral and the Doctor, were also customers of his, and in fact were at the moment awaiting two gray flannel suits. In a word, in less than half an hour the three left the shop clad in the suits of the three unknown gentlemen and carrying their old clothes neatly wrapped in brown paper, together with sundry minor purchases that are necessary to a respectable outfit. An early cup of tea was enjoyed in Oldborough's one restaurant, and then the dog-cart was taken from the stable and they drove back to Packington well content with their afternoon's work.

It was only, then, about half-past five, when Charles, feeling more like himself than he had for some time, paused to gaze at the reflection of dazzling white that greeted him from the river below, and then went purposely on towards the encampment. His glimpse of Cicely in the morning had fully determined him to lose no more time, and he had come straight from Packington, depositing his brown paper parcel in the mill as he passed.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston were seated peacefully in the two deck-chairs at the door of the store-tent, the one smoking a cigar, the other engaged on a piece of needlework destined some day to fetch its weight, or nearly its weight, in gold at a bazaar. Tea had been somewhat early, in deference to Cicely, who had suddenly announced that the evening was the best time for fishing, and that, unless tea was at four, one did not get any evening. She accordingly gained her evening and

went off to make the most of it, promising Mr. Lauriston some very large fish. As she had already angled that morning not unsuccessfully her energy provided subject for comment, and when Agatha and Doris had departed also in the boat her uncle and her aunt talked placidly of Cleely and her doings. "The child is getting quite energetic," observed Mrs. Lauriston, threading her needle with unerring hand.

Mr. Lauriston assented. "The holiday's doing her a lot of good," he said. "She was getting rather pale, I thought, before we came down here; but I've never seen her in better health and spirits than she is now."

"It was a very good idea of yours, Henry," said his wife generously; "a complete change for all of us and an inexpensive one. We've had lovely weather too." Mrs. Lauriston was in an amiable mood. Everything had gone well since the camp had moved a second time, and she was in complete ignorance of the house-boat's return. Her party, for various reasons, had not thought it necessary to acquaint her with the fact, and once having learnt that the dreaded vessel had gone from its moorings she had not contemplated the possibility of its coming back. Moreover she had that afternoon made up her mind on the subject of the fallen willow, as Martin's laborious form about fifty yards away showed.

Mrs. Lauriston's voice, therefore, betrayed only surprise when she presently exclaimed: "Henry, here's some one coming; yes, he must be coming to the camp, the path doesn't lead anywhere else."

Mr. Lauriston looked up, and was suddenly tongue-tied, for there, not fifty yards away, came stepping briskly and clad in shining white rainment,—the magnificent Charles.

"Who is it? Is it any one you know?" demanded Mrs. Lauriston. Fortu-

nately, her eyes being upon the stranger and not on her husband, she did not detect his confused inability to speak. Realizing, however, that she had not had an answer she repeated her question.

Charles meanwhile was getting nearer and nearer and the crisis was becoming acute. But, as will have been noticed before, it was always in a crisis that Mr. Lauriston's military training came to his aid, and all the ex-volunteer in him awoke as he decided that if you go half-way to meet a danger it is robbed by so much of its imminence. He rose from his seat and explaining things to his wife thus, "Yes, young friend of mine—able fellow—City," he left her side and advanced to meet Charles, nerving himself for the almost inevitable crash, but feeling like some small boat tossing rudderless upon the illimitable sea, or perhaps more like some unhappy volunteer private who remains alone on the stricken field, his officers all shot down and not even an acting corporal left to superintend his subsequent manœuvres. Yet even in so grave a case training comes to aid the helpless, and even as that forsaken private will spring smartly up to attention and hope for the best, so did Mr. Lauriston keep a firm front and advance to greet his inopportune visitor, hoping that all might yet be well, though it seemed scarcely possible. All things considered the private was in better case. He had only to deal with an enemy, whereas Mr. Lauriston had to deal with a woman, and moreover with a wife, to whom he had mentioned the word City. Suppose Charles were to deny all knowledge of the City? But there is no need to dwell on coming ills, and Mr. Lauriston was determined to keep conversation as close to stocks and shares and as far from house-boats as, without rudeness, a man and a householder might.

He met Charles with a certain amount of hearty gesture which was intended to indicate, for his wife's benefit, the surprise one naturally feels at the sudden and unexpected appearance of an old friend, shook hands warmly, and then led him towards the lady.

"I thought you might possibly look in on us," he was saying as they came within earshot, and Mrs. Lauriston rose to greet the guest.

"My dear," said her husband, hurriedly, "I don't think you have met my friend"—the friend's name was a little obscured by a fit of coughing and Mrs. Lauriston therefore did not catch it. That was no great matter; the name could be ascertained afterwards, but she warned her husband against recklessly swallowing cigar-smoke in that manner.

Charles's experienced eye took in the situation to a certain extent, and he perceived that it would be well to proceed warily. Mrs. Lauriston did not appear the kind of lady to whose better acquaintance a husband's introduction is necessarily a passport. He decided that his remarks should at first be few, though good, for he realized that the better acquaintance of the other and younger lady seen this morning might depend on the favor of this one. A hasty but searching glance round the camp had revealed the fact that the other and younger lady was not there now. "Is it permitted?" he asked, with that deferential smile that won him golden opinions wherever married ladies do congregate. Mr. Lauriston had just offered him his cigar-case, and Charles's tone implied that Mrs. Lauriston had only to indicate the proceeding by the merest glance and he would give up smoking for ever. The homage was not lost upon her, and she gave him permission very graciously. In Ealing something more definite than a mere glance would be required to check a young man from using tobacco

permanently, and Mrs. Lauriston appreciated this tactful reminder of the power of her sex.

"How are Consols to-day?" asked Mr. Lauriston suddenly, true to his determination to keep the conversation away from house-boats.

"Consols?" said Charles vaguely, not of course comprehending the reason of the question. It seemed an odd one, and he looked at Mr. Lauriston to see what he meant by it.

That gentleman's eye expressed a dumb entreaty, though of what nature Charles could not be sure, and his mouth gave an explanation that was no explanation. "We don't see a paper down here," he said. "They showed a slight upward tendency a week ago, and I was wondering if they had begun to recover."

"Yes, they are recovering wonderfully," said Charles, whose knowledge of Consols was of a much less recent date than Mr. Lauriston's, but who was desirous of answering the appeal rather than the question.

"Are they indeed?" said Mr. Lauriston with interest. "They haven't touched ninety, I suppose?" He credited his visitor with greater technical knowledge than that deceptive person possessed, for Charles's conversation displayed a variety that was apt to give an impression of sound information on all subjects, a result often attendant on a judicious use of generalities. Therefore it came about that Charles was not sure whether Consols were inordinately high at ninety. But it seemed safer to say that they had not reached that giddy height. "I thought not," said Mr. Lauriston; "they will never see a hundred again."

"Never," Charles agreed.

"How," asked Mr. Lauriston, "are West Nigerians? People seemed a bit shy of buying when I left town."

"Not going off well," answered Charles. "People are shyer than ever."

"I can't say I'm surprised," said Mr. Lauriston.

"I'm not surprised myself," Charles admitted, wondering what it was all about and when it was going to end.

"You're not touching Kamschatkans, are you?" Mr. Lauriston enquired.

"No," Charles confessed; "I'm not at all sure of them." He began to feel that this kind of conversation lacked interest, and looked at Mrs. Lauriston to see if she showed signs of boredom; but that excellent lady seemed satisfied. City talk did not bore her because she understood it to be right and necessary, and in this instance she found, or thought she found, in these deep sayings an indication that the visitor was a man of substance. He was also personable in his white flannel suit, and had not on the whole a married appearance. It was almost a pity that Agatha had gone out in the boat.

"I heard on good authority the other day," resumed Mr. Lauriston, "that the London, Bournemouth, and West Coast is going in for the electrification of its system."

"Really?" said Charles.

"A fact," continued his host. "I hold some shares, and am in hopes that it will send their value up again to what I gave for them."

"There certainly ought to be a rise," Charles assented rather wearily, ignorant of the fact that a considerable portion of his own handsome competence came from this source. His man of business would doubtless have had more to say on the matter, and Charles felt that he would gladly have left all expression of opinion to him. For some time Mr. Lauriston conversed on the money-market in a similar strain, until the other realized that his supply of relevant answers was getting extremely low. He turned to the lady in desperation. "But it seems a little out of place to talk of these things in

so pastoral a spot, doesn't it?" he said, hoping that the feminine desire to take a share in whatever conversation is going on would support him.

Mrs. Lauriston, however, could not be considered a great talker, unless she had something that must be said. "Men have to talk about business, of course," she decided; "and naturally you have a good deal to discuss even in the country."

"I'm afraid it must bore you very much," urged Charles.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Lauriston. "I don't understand money matters, so I never listen. My niece Agatha knows more about them than I do, and she says they are very interesting." She felt that there was no harm in putting in a good word for Agatha. This acute young business-man might perhaps be looking out for a wife of the kind that would be able to help him in his affairs, and Mrs. Lauriston, like a good aunt, never neglected her opportunities of seeking to secure a comfortable settlement for her elder niece. Cicely, of course, was such a mere child that there was no need to think of her as yet.

Charles straightway began to wonder if that were Agatha, that vision of the morning. If so, appearances were deceptive, for he would have staked a good deal on the vision's total immunity from interests of that nature. It would prove very disappointing if she too insisted on discussing the money-market and showed a critical insight into the methods of fraudulent millionaires. An impulsive feminine desire for the heads of fraudulent persons generally would be pretty and seemly; but a calm analysis of their defalcations with reasoned judgments on the vexed questions of trusts and watered stock, such as Mr. Lauriston was at that moment giving, would consort but ill with the rare charm of her appearance. Charles waited tactfully until

Mr. Lauriston had dissected the particular millionaire in question, and then sought a little more enlightenment as to this gifted niece.

"Your niece does not speculate herself, I suppose?" he asked playfully.

Mrs. Lauriston was a little shocked. Ealing ladies may be intelligent, but they do not for that reason hasten to squander their intelligence in such a way. "Of course not," she answered with decision.

Charles felt that one of his few remarks had fallen short of the standard of goodness, and he hastened to try and condone it. "Ladies are interesting themselves in the money-market more and more," he said.

"So I have been told," replied Mrs. Lauriston. "I cannot say I approve of such a thing. No niece of mine, I am sure, would ever compete with men in that way." Her tone was rather frigid. This young man was evidently one of those revolutionary persons who are prepared to admit the equality of the sexes, and Mrs. Lauriston was by no means ready to part with the consciousness of feminine superiority. Perhaps, after all, it was as well that Agatha had gone out in the boat.

Charles perceived that another of his few remarks had hardly been good, and he relapsed into silence while Mr. Lauriston dissected a defaulting solicitor, and after this had been done thoroughly he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Lauriston did not press him to come again. The more she thought of it the more she resented his suggestion that a niece of hers should have dealings in the City, and she decided that he was not the kind of person whom she could invite to Bel Alp. His manners were good enough certainly, but she was by no means so sure of his morals.

Charles walked back towards the mill somewhat dissatisfied with things in general. He had, it was true, paid his call, but hardly with the good results

he had anticipated. He was vexed with Mr. Lauriston for manipulating the conversation as he had done, and he was vexed with himself for an unaccustomed failure to conciliate a lady; and lastly he was even more vexed at the absence of the other lady who, after all, could not be so very deeply immersed in business matters and whose appearance was very likely justified. He would, however, call again before long and endeavor to set matters right; he had little doubt of his ability to do so if he could once divert the talk into more reasonable channels. Thus meditating he turned into the mill to fetch the parcel which he had left there.

The inside of the mill was a scene of ropes hanging from and ladders leading to the floor above, of corn-bins, sacks, and the usual signs of industry, with a coating of flour over all. In the left-hand corner was the office, a little room partitioned off from the rest by wooden walls, and containing a desk, tool, and cupboard. Charles had, with the clerk's permission, placed his parcel on the desk, and he now stepped in to pick it up. On the threshold he paused, looking straight in front of him. The doors of the roomy cupboard were open and in it, on the lowest shelf, lay plain to view an indubitable Gladstone bag with the initials *S. H.* staring him in the face. He sprang in and seized it with an eager hand meaning to bear it off without delay. But as he pulled it out of the cupboard it struck him that it felt strangely light, and he undid the straps and opened it. Then a sad sight met his eyes. The neatness that did such credit to his valet was gone, and with it was gone most of the raiment. The blue suit had vanished, the brown boots and the Panama hat, while the things that were left nearly all betrayed signs of use; crumpled shirts and collars, a varied collection of brilliant and ill-treated ties, all betrayed an alien and

careless hand. Charles remained thunder-struck for a time, but at last recovered himself, shut the bag up, put it in the cupboard again, grasped his parcel and departed, without disturbing any of the miller's men who were all in the upper part of the mill, and without noticing in the extreme corner of the shelf a heap of old clothes that might have made things more clear to him if he had examined them. He went home puzzling over the circumstance and meditating how to get to the bottom of the mystery.

In the meanwhile he was the theme of some conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Lauriston. "A baronet?" that

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lady exclaimed after her husband had given a few reluctant answers. "And you talked of nothing but the City, and I thought he was a stockbroker! Henry, *why* was I not told? Where does he live? Why didn't you ask him to stop to supper?" And for a considerable time Mr. Lauriston, without mentioning the house-boat, was fully occupied in endeavoring to account satisfactorily for Charles, for himself, and for many other things not immediately connected with either. He felt that, though the baronet might condone the vessel, there were many features of the case which would make explanation difficult for a husband.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RELIGION OF THE PEOPLE.

The people are not to be found in places of worship; "the great masses," as Mr. Booth says, "remain apart from all forms of religious communion." This statement is admitted as true, but yet another statement is continually made and also admitted, that "the people are at heart religious." What is meant by this latter statement? The people are certainly not inclined to assert their irreligion. Mr. Henderson, who as a labor leader speaks with authority, says, "I can find no evidence of a general desire among the workers to repudiate the principles of Christianity." And from my own experience in East London I can testify to the growth of greater tolerance and of greater respect for the representatives of religion. Processions with banners and symbols are now common, persons are elected on public bodies, and religious organizations are enlisted in the army of reform. But this feature of modern conditions is no proof that men

and women are at heart religious. It may only imply a more respectful indifference, a growth in manners rather than in spiritual life. Does the statement mean that the people are kind, and moved by the public spirit? This again is true. There is widely spread kindness: rough lads are generous—one I knew gave up his place to make room for a mate whose need was greater; weak and weary women watch all night by a neighbor's sick-bed; a poor family heartily welcomes an orphan child; workmen suffer and endure private loss for the sake of fellow-workmen. The kindness is manifest; but kindness is no evidence of the presence of religion. Kindness may, indeed, be a deposit of religion, a habit inherited from forefathers who drew into themselves love from the Source of love, or it may be something learnt in the common endurance of hardships. Kindness, generosity, public spirit cannot certainly be identified with the re-

ligion which has made human beings feel joy in sacrifice and given them peace in the pains of death.

Before, however, we conclude that the non-church-going people are religious or not religious, it may be well to be clear as to what is meant by religion. I would suggest as a definition that religion is thought about the Higher than self worked through the emotions into the acts of daily life. This definition involves three constituents: (1) There must be use of thought—the power of mental concentration—so that the mind may break through the obvious and the conventional. (2) There must be a sense of a not-self which is higher than self—knowledge of a Most High whose presence convicts the self of shortcoming and draws it upward. (3) There must be such a realization of this not-self—such a form, be it image, doctrine, book, or life—as will warm the emotions and so make the Higher than self tell on every act and experience of daily life. These constituents are, I think, to be found in all religions. The religious man is he who, knowing what is higher than himself, so worships this Most High that he is stirred to do His will in word and deed. The Mohammedan is he who, recognizing the Highest to be power, worships the All-powerful of Mohammed, whom in fear he obeys, and with the sword forces others to obey. The Christian is he who, recognizing the Most High to be love, worships Christ, and for love of Christ is loving to all mankind. Are these three constituents of religion to be found among the people?

1. They are using their powers of thought. There is a distinct disposition to think about unseen things. The press which circulates most widely has found copy in what it calls Mr. Campbell's "New Theology." The *Clarion* newspaper has published week after week letters and articles which deal

with the meaning of God. There is increasing unrest under conditions which crib and cabin the mind; men and women are becoming conscious of more things in heaven and earth than they can see and feel and eat. They have a sense that the modern world has become really larger than the old world, and they resent the teaching which commits them to one position or calling. They have, too, become critical, so that, using their minds, they measure the professions of church-goers. Mr. Haw has collected in his book, *Christianity and the Working Classes*, many workmen's opinions on this subject. Witness after witness shows that he has been thinking, comparing things heard and things professed with things done. It is not just indifference or self-indulgence which alienates the people from church or chapel or mission; it is the insincerity or inconsistency which they themselves have learnt to detect. Huxley said long ago that the greatest gift of science to the modern world was not to be found in the discoveries which had increased its power and its comfort, so much as in the habit of more scientific thinking which it had made common.

The people share this gift and have become critical. They criticise all professions, theological or political. They criticise the Bible, and the very children in the schools have become rationalists. They also construct, and there are few more interesting facts of the time than the strength of trades unions, co-operative and friendly societies, which they have organized. Even unskilled labor, ever since the great Dock strike, has shown its power to conceive methods of amelioration, and to combine for their execution. The first constituent of religion, the activity of thought, is thus present amid the non-church-going population.

2. This thought is, I think, directed towards a higher than self; it is

to say, goes towards goodness. I would suggest a few instances. Universal homage is paid to the character of Christ. He, because of His goodness, is exalted above all other reformers, and writers who are bitter against Christianity reverence His truth and good-will. Popular opinion respects a good man whatever be his creed or party; it may not always be instructed as to the contents of goodness, but at elections its votes incline to follow the lead of the one who seems good, and that is sometimes the neighboring publican whose kindness and courtesy are experienced. In social and political thought the most significant and strongest mark is the ethical tendency. Few proposals have now a chance of a hearing if they do not appeal to a sense of justice. Right has won at any rate a verbal victory over might. In late revivals there has been much insistence on the need of better living, on temperance, on payment of debts and fulfilment of duty, and the reprints which publishers find it worth their while to publish are penny books of Seneca, Marcus Aurelius, and other writers on morals.

People generally—unconsciously often—have a sense of goodness, or righteousness, as something which is higher than themselves. They are in a way dissatisfied with their own selfishness, and also with a state of society founded on selfishness. There is a widely spread expectation of a better time which will be swayed by dominant goodness. The people have thus, in some degree, the second constituent of religion, in that they have the thought that the High and Mighty which inhabits Eternity is good.

3. When, however, we come to the third constituent, we have at once to admit that the non-church-going population has no means of realizing the Most High in a form which sustains and inspires its action. It has no close

or personal touch or communion with this goodness; no form which, like a picture or like a common meal, by its associations of memory or hope rouses its feelings; nothing which, holding the thought, stirs the emotions and works the thought into daily life. The forms of religion, the churches, the doctrines, the ritual, the sacraments, which meant so much to their fathers and to some of their neighbors, mean nothing to them. They have lost touch with the forms of religious thought as they have not lost touch with the forms of political thought.

Forms are the clothes of thought. Forms are lifeless, and thought is living. Unless the forms are worn every day they cease to fit the thought, as left-off clothes cease to fit the body. English citizens who have gone on wearing the old forms of political thought can therefore go on talking and acting as if the King ruled to-day as Queen Elizabeth ruled three hundred years ago, but these non-church-going folk, who for generations have left off wearing the forms of religious thought, cannot use the words about the Most High which the churches and preachers use. They have breathed an atmosphere charged by science—they are rationalists, they have a vision of morality and goodness exceeding that advocated by many of the churches. They have themselves created great societies, and their votes have made and unmade governments. When, therefore, they regard the churches, the doctrines of preachers, and all the forms of religion, not as those to whom by use they are familiar or by history illuminated, but as strangers, they see what seem to them stiff services, irrational doctrine, disorganized and unbusinesslike systems, and the self-assertion of priests and ministers. They, with their yearnings to touch goodness, find nothing in these forms which makes them say, "There, that is what

I mean," and go on stirred in their hearts. They who have learnt to think turn away sadly or scornfully from teaching such as that of the Salvation Army about blood and fire, where emotion is without thought. Those who manage their own affairs resent membership in religious organizations where all is managed for them. They want a name for the Most High of whom they think as above and around themselves, but somehow the doctrines about Christ, whom they respect for His work two thousand years ago, do not stir them up as if He were a present power. The working classes, says Dr. Fairbairn in his *Religion in History and Modern Life*, are alienated because "the Church has lost adaptation to the environment in which it lives."

Perhaps, however, some one may say, "Forms are unimportant." This may be true so far as regards a few rarely constituted minds, but the mass of men are seldom moved except through some human or humanized form. The elector may have his principles, but it is the candidate he cheers, it is his photograph he carries, it is his presence which rouses enthusiasm, and it is politicians' names by which parties are called. The Russian peasant may say his prayers, but it is the ikon—the image dear to his fathers—which rouses him to do or to die. The Jews had no likeness of Jehovah, but the book of the law represented to them the thought and memories of their heart, and they bound its words to their foreheads, their poets were stirred to write psalms in its praise, and by the emotions it raised its teaching was worked into their daily acts. A non-religious writer in the *Clarion* bears witness to the same fact when he says, "All effective movements must have creeds. It is impossible to satisfy the needs of any human mind or heart without some form of belief." The Quaker who rejects so many forms has

made a form of no-form, and his simple manner of speech, his custom of dress or worship, often moves him to his actions.

Mr. Gladstone bears testimony to the place of form in religion. "The Church," he says, "presented to me Christianity under an aspect in which I had not yet known it, . . . its ministry of symbols, its channels of grace, its unending line of teachers forming from the Head a sublime construction based throughout on historic fact, uplifting the idea of the community in which we live, and of the access which it enjoys through the living way to the presence of the Most High."

Mr. Gladstone found in the Anglican Church a form of access to the Most High, and through this church the thoughts of the Most High were worked into his daily life. Others through the Bible, the sacraments, humanity, or through some doctrine of Christ have found like means of access. Forms are essential to religion. Forms, indeed, have often become the whole of religion, so that people who have honored images or words or names have forgotten goodness and justice—they wash the cup and platter and forget mercy and judgment; they say "Lord, Lord," and do not the will of the Lord. Forms have often become idols, but the point I urge is that for the majority of mankind forms are necessary to religion. "Tell me thy name," was the cry of Jacob, when all night he wrestled with an unknown power which condemned his life of selfish duplicity; and every crisis in Israelitish history is marked by the revelation of a new name for the Most High. The Samaritans do not know what they worship; the Jews know what they worship,—was the rebuke of Christ to a wayward and ineffective nation. Even those Athenians to whom God was the Unknown God had to erect an altar to that God.

The great mass of the people, because they have no form and stand apart from all religious communions, may have in them a religious sense, but their thought of God is not worked through their emotions into their daily lives. They do not know what they worship, and so do not say with the Psalmist, "My soul is athirst for the living God," or say with Joseph, "How can I do this wickedness, and sin against God?" They have much sentiment about brotherhood, and they talk of the rights of all men; but they are not driven as St. Paul was driven to the service of their brothers, irrespective of class, or nation, or color. They have not the zeal which says, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." They endure suffering with patience and meet death with submission, but they do not say, "I shall awake after His likeness and be satisfied." The majority of English citizens would in an earthquake behave as brave men, but they have not the faith of the negroes who in the midst of such havoc sang songs of praise.

The three constituents I included in the definition are all, I submit, necessary. Thought without form does not rouse the emotions. Form without thought is idolatry, and is fatal to growth. Emotion without thought has no abiding or persistent force. Religion is the thought of a Higher than self worked through the emotions into daily life.

With this definition in mind I now sum up my impressions. The religion of the majority of the people is, I think, not such as enables them to say, "Here I take my stand. This course of life I can and will follow. This policy must overcome the world." It is not such either as keeps down pride and egotism, and leads them to say as Abram said to Lot, "If you go to the right, I will go to the left." It does not make men and women anxious to own them-

selves debtors and to give praise. It does not drive them to greater and greater experiments in love; it does not give them peace. It is not the spur to action or the solace in distress. It has little recognition in daily talk or in the press. One might, indeed, live many years, meet many men, and read many newspapers and not come into its contact or realize that England professes Christianity.

When I ask my friends, "How does religion show itself in the actions of daily life?" I get no answer. There seems to be no acknowledged force arising from the conception of the Most High which restrains, impels, or rests men and women in their politics, their business, or their homes. There are, I suggest, three infallible signs of the presence of religion—calm courage, joyful humility, and a sense of life stronger than death. These signs are not obvious among the people.

The condition is not satisfactory. It is not unlike that of Rome in the first century. The Roman had then forsaken his old worship of the gods of the temples, notwithstanding the official recognition of such worship and the many earnest attempts made for its revival. There was then, as now, something in the atmosphere of thought which was stronger than State or Church. There was then, as now, an interest in teachers of goodness who held up a course of conduct far above the conventional, and the thoughts of men played amid the new mysteries rising in the East. The Romans were restless, without anchorage or purpose. They were not satisfied with their bread and games; they walked in a dense shadow, and had no light from hope. Into their midst came Christianity, giving a new name to the Most High, and stirring men's hearts to do as joyful service what the Stoics had taught as dull duty.

In the midst of the English people of

to-day there are churches and societies of numerous denominations. Their numbers are legion. In one East-London district about a mile square there were, I think, at one time over twenty different religious agencies. Their activity is twofold. They work from without to within, or from within to without—from the environment to the soul, or from the soul to the environment.

1. The work from without to within, resolves itself into an endeavor to draw the people to join some religious communion. The environment which an organization provides counts for much, and influences therefrom constantly pass into the inner life. Membership in a church or association with a mission often brings men and women into contact with a minister who offers an example of a life devoted to others' service. It opens to them ways of doing good, of teaching the children, of visiting the poor, and of joining in efforts for social reform. It affords a constant support in a definite course of conduct, and makes a regular call on the will to act up to the conventional standard, and it brings to bear on everyday action an insistent social pressure which is some safety against temptation. Sneers about the dishonesty of religious professors are common, but, as a matter of fact, the most honest and reputable members of the community are those connected with religious bodies.

Those bodies have various characters, with various forms of doctrine and of ritual. Human beings, if they are true to themselves, cannot all adopt like forms; there are some men and women who find a language for their souls in a ritual of color and sound, there are others who can worship only in silence; there are some who are moved by one form of doctrine, and others who are moved by another form. Uniformity is unnatural to man, and the Act of

Religious Uniformity has proved to be disastrous to growth of thought and goodwill. Progress through the ages is marked by the gradual evolution of the individual, and the strongest society is that where there are the most vigorous individualities. If this be admitted, it must be admitted also that the growth of vigorous denominations, and not uniformity, is also the mark of progress.

But, it may be said, denominations are the cause of half the quarrels which divide society, and of half the wars which have decimated mankind. This is true enough. The denominations are now hindering the way of education, and it was as denominations that Catholics and Protestants drowned Europe in thirty years of bloodshed. It is, however, equally true to say that nationalities have been the cause of war, and that the way of peace is hard, because French, Germans, and British are so patriotically concerned for their own rights. Nationalities, however, become strong during the period of struggle, and they develop characteristics valuable for the whole human family; but the end to which the world is moving is not a universal empire under the dominance of the strongest, it is a unity in which the strength of each nationality will make possible the federation of the world. In the same way denominations pass through a period of strife; they too develop their characteristics; and the hope of religion is not in the dominance of any one denomination, but in a unity to which each is necessary.

The world learnt slowly the lesson of toleration, and at last the strong are feeling more bound to bear with those who differ from themselves. There is, however, dawning on the horizon a greater lesson than that of toleration of differences; it is that of respect for differences. As that lesson prevails, each denomination will not cease to be

keen for its own belief; it will also be keen to pay honor to every honest belief. The neighborhood of another denomination will be as welcome as the discovery of another star to the astronomer, or as the finding of a new animal to the naturalist, or as is the presence of another strong personality in a company of friends. The Church of the future cannot be complete without many chapels. The flock of the Good Shepherd includes many folds.

The energy of innumerable churches and missions is daily strengthening denominations, and they seem to me likely to stand out more and more clearly in the community. One advantage I would emphasize. Each denomination may offer an example of a society of men and women living in reasonable accord with its own doctrine—not, I ask you to reflect, just a community of fellow-worshippers, but, like the Quakers, translating faith into matters of business and the home. Medieval Christians sold all they had and lived as monks or nuns. Nineteenth-century Christians were kind to their poorer neighbors. Twentieth-century Christians might give an example of a society fitting a time which has learnt the value of knowledge and beauty, and has seen that justice to the poor is better than kindness. Every generation must have its own form of Christianity.

The earnest endeavor of so many active men and women to increase the strength of their own denomination has therefore much promise: provided always, let me say, they do not win recruits by self-assertion, by exaggeration, or by the subtle bribery of treats and blankets. Each denomination honestly strengthened by additional members is the better able to manifest some aspect of the Christian life, and, in response to the call of that life, more inclined to reform the doctrines and methods which tend to alienate a scientific and democratic generation.

Such denominations are, I submit, those most likely to reform themselves, and as they come to offer various examples of a Christian society, where wealth is without self-assertion, where poverty is without shame, where unemployment and ignorance are prevented by just views of human claims, and where joy is "in widest commonalty spread," all the members of the community will in such examples better find the name of the Most High, and feel the power of religion. "If," says Dr. Fairbairn, "religion were truly interpreted in the lives of Christian men, there is no fear as to its being believed." "What is wanted is not more Christians but better Christians."

2. The activity of ministers and missionaries is, as I have said, twofold. Besides working from without to within by building up denominations, it also works from within to without by converting individuals. Members of every church or mission are, in ordinary phrase, intent "to save souls." Their work is not for praise, and is sacred from any intrusion. Spirit wrestles with spirit, and power passes by unknown ways. Souls are only kindled by souls. Conversion opens blind eyes to see the Most High, but it is not in human power to direct the ways of conversion. The spirit bloweth where it listeth. There are, however, other means by which eyes may be opened at any rate to see, if only dimly, and some of these means are under human control. Such a means is that which is called higher education or university teaching, or the knowledge of the humanities.

I would therefore conclude by calling notice to the much or the little which is being done by this higher education. The people are to a large extent blind because of the overwhelming glory of the present. They see nothing beyond the marvellous revelations of science—its visions of possessions and of power,

and its triumphs over the forces of nature. They are occupied in using the gigantic instruments which are placed at the command of the weakest, and they are driven on by some relentless pressure which allows no pause on the wayside of the road of life. They see power everywhere—power in the aggressive personalities which heap money in millions, power in the laboratory, power in the market-place, power in the Government; but they do not see anything which satisfies the human yearning for something higher and holier; they cannot see the God whose truth they feel and whose call they hear. Many of them look to the past and surround themselves with the forms of mediaeval days, and some go to the country, where, in a land of tender shades and silences, they try to commune with the Most High.

But yet the words of John the Baptist rise eternally true, when he said to a people anxiously expectant, some with their eyes on the past, and some with their eyes on the future, "There standeth one among you." The Most High, that is to say, is to be found, not in the past with its mysteries, its philosophies, and its dignity of phrase or ritual, and not in the future with its vague hopes of an earthly Paradise, but in the present with its hard facts, its scientific methods, its strong individualities, and the growing power of the State. The kingdom of heaven is at hand; the Highest which every one seeks is in the present. It is standing among us, and the one thing wanted is the eye to see.

Mr. Haldane, in the address to the students of Edinburgh University, has described the character of the higher teaching as a gospel of the wide outlook, as a means of giving a deeper sympathy and a keener insight, as offering a vision of the eternal which is here and now showing its students what is true in present realities, and in-

spiring them with a loyalty to the truth as devoted as that of tribesmen to their chief. This sort of teaching, he says, brings down from the present realities, or from a Sinai ever accompanying mankind, "the Higher command," with its eternal offer of life and blessing—that is to say, it opens men's eyes to see in the present the form of the Most High. Higher education is thus a part of religious activity.

I am glad to know that my conclusion is shared by Dr. Fairbairn, who, speaking of the worker in our great cities, and of his alienation from religion, says, "The first thing to be done is to enrich and ennable his soul, to beget in him purer tastes and evoke higher capacities."

I will conclude by calling notice to the much or the little which is being done to open the people's eyes by means of higher education. I fear it is "the little." There are many classes and many teachers for spreading skill, there are some which increase interest in nature; there are few—very few—which bring students into touch with the great minds and thoughts of all countries and all ages—very few, that is, classes for the humanities. For want of this the souls of the people are poor, and their capacities dwarfed; they cannot see that modern knowledge has made the Bible a modern book, or how the bells of a new age have rung in the "Christ that is to be."

For thirty-four years my wife and I have been engaged in social experiments. Many ways have been tried, and always the recognized object has been the religion of the people—religion, that is, in the sense which I have defined as that faith in the Highest which is the impulse of human progress, man's spur to loving action, man's rest in the midst of sorrow, man's hope in death.

With the object of preparing the way

to this religion, schools have been improved, houses have been built and open spaces secured. Holidays have been made more healthy, and the best in art has been made more common. But, viewing all these efforts of many reformers, I am prepared to say that the most pressing need is for higher education. Where such education is to begin, what is the meaning of religious education in elementary schools, and how it is to be extended, is part of another subject. It is enough now if, having as my subject the religion of the people, I state my opinion that there is no activity which more surely advances religion than the teaching which gives insight, far sight, and wide sight. The people, for want of religion, are unstable in their policy, joy-

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less in their amusements, and uninspired by any sure and certain hope. They have not the sense of sin—in modern language, none of that consciousness of unreached ideals which makes men humble and earnest. They have not the grace of humility nor the force of a faith stronger than death. It may seem a far cry from a teacher's classroom to the peace and power of a Psalmist or of a St. Paul; but, as Archbishop Benson said, "Christ is a present Christ, and all of us are His contemporaries." And my own belief is that the eye opened by higher education is on the way to find in the present the form of the Christ who will satisfy the human longing for the Higher than self.

Samuel A. Barnett.

THE TALKING-MACHINE.

When it was announced, less than thirty years ago, that a machine had been invented which would record and reproduce the human voice, a ripple of wonder and admiration was evoked. Science was more than satisfied, for though the sounds reproduced were weak in volume and unnatural in quality, perfected development would be but a question of time. The public, however, viewed the matter differently; it had waited for the invention too long to be put off with what seemed a travesty of the human voice. Disappointment was succeeded by laughter, the echoes of which vibrate even now. Then came indifference.

Meanwhile science, backed by capital, has been at work so silently, yet so thoroughly, that it is as though a huge industry had grown in the night. Scarce is there a good business thoroughfare in London or the provinces which does not boast imposing prem-

ises devoted exclusively to the sale of talking-machines. Every big store has its department. A talking-machine Press has arisen. Retailers engaged in the sale of machines and records are counted by the thousand, while private buyers number millions. Obviously, an exact census of owners of talking-machines in this country is impossible; still, a working idea may be obtained from the following facts: A retail house, only one among many, will hold a stock of from one to two thousand machines, with an annual sale of hundreds of thousands of records. In England there are well-nigh a dozen large manufacturing firms with an aggregate capital running into seven figures. The scope of trade done may be gauged from the fact that within a period of seven months one firm recently sold one and a half millions of records, while last year another earned for its shareholders a trade-profit of

more than two hundred thousand pounds.

The industry has of late developed certain characteristics. One is the largely increased demand for machines among folk of means and education, the other the growing popularity of records of a better class. Nor are these characteristics inter-dependent. An individual who has acquired a talking-machine, whether he be a man of letters or a mechanic, goes through certain stages. At first he buys records because they amuse him, the novelty of listening at will to song, speech, or dance being sufficient. The parallel may be found in the villager's enjoyment of an entertainment which the cosmopolitan votes tedious. In this primary stage comic songs, pantomime hits, stirring martial strains, and lively dance-music are the favorites, the buyer choosing his records much as a child would colors—for their vividness. Taste and judgment, however, come with experience. There are exceptions; but, as a rule, the record-buyer's standard alters considerably within the first few months, the change being always in an upward direction.

If we take a comprehensive glance at the number of records published in Great Britain, there must be now on the market a selection of at least one hundred thousand from which to choose. These range from the last music-hall song to a speech on education by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Well-nigh every artist of note makes, or has made, records, the fees offered being sufficiently generous to attract the finest operatic talent in the world. Those who know say that at least one-third of the income made by many well-known singers is earned in the recording-room. One artist received four thousand pounds in two years from a certain firm for making records; another, whose name, familiar enough to record-buyers, is unknown to the

general public, makes an average of five hundred pounds a year, and so on.

Collectors of records are by no means confined to one class. Sir Thomas Lipton, himself a keen phonographist, a while ago introduced the phonograph to His Majesty, who not only ordered one for use on board the *Victoria and Albert*, but showed considerable personal interest in the machine. Her Majesty owns a gramophone; so do the King and Queen of Spain and many other European Royalties. Viscount Wolseley is credited with being an ardent admirer of the gramophone, and in connection with his machine Viscountess Wolseley once had a somewhat grim experience. Her ladyship had played over several records, and was actually listening to one of Tamagno's records when the news of the famous tenor's death reached her. The sudden dying away of the voice almost at the same moment—for her ladyship was unaware that the machine had to be rewound—produced quite an uncanny sensation.

In China, Japan, India, and other foreign countries numerous influential devotees to the talking-machines are to be found. The Shah of Persia has a gramophone, and is in addition the owner of some of the smallest and largest phonographs extant. The Sultan of Turkey, when he bought a machine, also ordered a big supply of cylinder blanks, these latter being, of course, for the making of private records. By the way, when, a few years ago, machines were first introduced into Turkey a serious discussion arose among the Faithful as to whether a man could be a good Mussulman and yet own such a profane thing as a talking-machine. Evidently the discussion was settled amicably, for there is to-day a very steady trade done with Turkey. In the Japanese navy every hospital-ship carries a first-class machine; the latter fact reminding one that not long ago a generous donor (Sir Tollemache Sin-

clair) gave a graphophone and three dozen records to one hundred and fifty metropolitan workhouses and hospitals.

At the present moment the aim of the majority of record-buyers is to have a numerous and representative collection. Melba's exquisite "Lucia di Lammermoor" is found next to Florrie Forde's "He's me Pal," and a chance dip into a cylinder-cabinet is as likely to produce a rollicking song by Harry Lauder as a fine old ballad by Ben Davies. It is no unusual thing for wealthy private buyers to give an order for forty or fifty pounds' worth of records at a time. Collections of from five hundred to a thousand are frequent. I know of one man who, although now owning more than two thousand, is still a steady buyer. Another has had to use his stable as an extra depository, since his house is already full to overflowing. Yet another recently employed a mechanic for some weeks fitting special rooms for the accommodation of his treasures, upon which he has spent hundreds of pounds. Collections of a few hundreds are so common as not to be worth considering. Since one firm of manufacturers holds a selection of twelve thousand records, we may safely multiply this by ten to get an idea of the number of records now on the market; yet only here and there does one find an attempt made to specialize, for the art of collecting talking-machine records is the hobby of to-morrow. Yet specialization is inevitable, and when the buyer realizes this he will add considerably to the pleasure of his hobby. There is even now a fairly steady demand for records of particular composers such as Wagner, Verdl, Meyerbeer, Leoncavallo, and many others; nay more, special operas are asked for, and to meet the demand an increasing number of groups of records of various operas are issued. Since a very large number—experts put it at from three to five thousand—of

each record must be sold before a profit is shown, the desire to collect operatic records is already tolerably extensive. Others prefer particular artists, such as Madame Kirkby Lunn, Ernest Pike, Lloyd Chandos, &c. So many Welsh customers of one firm asked for a cylinder record of "Gwenith Gwyn" by Ben Davies that it was specially made. The record connoisseur has a wide choice in which to specialize. He may go in for specimens of famous bands, such as the Scots Guards, the Irish Guards, the Garde Republicaine, &c., or he may prefer English, Scotch, or Irish ballads; if instrumental solos, then he has violin, pianoforte, cornet, piccolo, xylophone, banjo, concertina, &c., many of them made by world-famous artists. Of vocal records there are many fine soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone, and bass records on the market, without counting duets, quartettes, choruses, &c. Then there are national airs or specimens of music peculiar to the different countries; Turkish, Russian, Japanese, Chinese records, and many others, are all obtainable. Descriptive records alone offer a tempting field. If the quaint and exceptional specially appeal, then the collector may go in for pygmy records, sea-chanties, &c., or he may—as one collector I know does—endeavor to possess perfect specimens of the recording art. To this man the class of record is immaterial, his aim being only records which for clearness, volume, and quality of tone are absolutely faultless.

The Austrian Academy of Sciences has commenced a collection of records of every dialect and language in the world. The Bureau of Ethnology (U.S.A) especially engaged a recording expert to go among the colored population and take a number of folklore records. The Manx Language Society is industriously gathering records of the Manx language. Most privately made records have but a personal and

family interest, yet to be able to recall the actual tones of relatives and friends when time and distance have dealt unkindly is sufficient reward for their collection. One of the most interesting collections of private records is owned by a gentleman who admittedly had exceptional opportunities. Here are to be found two or three by the late Lord Tennyson. One of them, made just before the poet's death, is the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade." Another cylinder contains a short address on "Grit" by W. E. Gladstone, which was made specially for an audience of young men in the United States.

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The voices of H. M. Stanley and P. T. Barnum are also here. Another spoken in French, is by the unfortunate Prince Louis Napoleon, whose tragic death in the Zulu war is still well remembered. Yet perhaps the most interesting of all in this collection is one by Florence Nightingale. It was made in July 1890, when an exhibition was being held for the benefit of the survivors of Balaklava. In pure, distinct tones, this brave woman speaks: "God bless my gallant comrades of Balaklava, and bring them safe to shore.—Florence Nightingale."

A. Lillingston.

SOR CANDIDA AND THE BIRD.

The long gray buildings of the convent with their overhanging red-tiled roofs threw a refreshing shadow on the heated street. The sun-parched trees stood stiff and motionless as sentinels frozen at their posts. For months it had not rained in Avila. For miles on every side of the old town, the stone-strewn plains were heated like a kiln. The dark gray walls gave out the heat as you passed by and touched them with your hand. The distant mountains shivered in the heat. Upon the plains the last dead stalks of fennel loomed in the mirage of the heat like palm-trees in the sand. Lakes formed in front of men upon their mules, their faces shielded from the scorching sun by handkerchiefs, and with their stiff Castilian hats pulled down almost upon their shoulders to protect their necks, and then as the mules clattered on the stones, or brushed against the withered herbage with a crackling noise, took themselves further off, as fortune does in life, after one tantalizing glance. Sheep and the cattle stood round the deep-dug wells, their heads bowed low,

and their flanks heaving in the sun, waiting till evening for the coming of the men to draw the water in the long leathern bags. The yellow swirling rivers had dried up, leaving the mud as hard as kaolin, and here and there held thick, green water, with a dead horse or cow, bloated and swollen enormously, just floating on the top. All nature suffered with the heat, and birds approached the houses seeking help, just as they did in northern climates in the frost.

Is there at bottom some mysterious bond between all living things, which, but for our religion and conceit, should have made all the animals and us one clan? Who knows? But on the strip of sand, which in old Spanish towns lies at the edges of the streets, just where the cobbles end, and makes a sort of neutral territory between them and the gutter, right opposite the convent door, a bird lay fluttering with its beak open, and its eyes half-closed. It lay half choking in the sun, its beady eyes becoming glazed, and its perhaps immortal little spirit just trem-

bling to be free and join the universal soul; a minute or two more and it would have gone to swell the army of tired soldiers, camels and horses who have died of thirst amongst the sands. But, either, as they say in Spain, God was not willing, or the slight fluttering of the feathers raised a little dust, for at that moment a side door opened, and with a cautious glance to see that no one was about, a nun stepped out, and taking up the bird, bore it into the shade. It lay almost expiring in her hand as she, with many little cries of pity, took a piece of rag and slowly dropped some water in its mouth. As the drops followed one another, it slowly came back to the life it had so nearly left. Its head became less languid, and its eyes brighter, until at last it feebly pecked the hand that held it, making the nun smile, muttering It acted just like a Christian, as she released it, and let it hop about her cell. Then taking up a cane, she split it for a perch, and stuck it in the darkest corner of the cell, making some holes in the rough plastering. All had gone well so far, and on its perch the bird sat resting, and recovering its strength. Quickly she made a little cage out of split canes, not thinking for a moment that after giving life she thus would take away life's chiefest treasure—liberty; but all in tender heart. The cage contrived—and almost every Spanish woman can make a basket or a birdcage out of canes—and the revived and still half-drooping little bird duly inducted to its prison, she put a broken saucer and some bread-crumbs in the cage, and sat down, proud and happy with her work.

Sor Candida was tall and dark, with large black eyes, and a slight pencilling of hair upon her upper lip. Though she had left the world and all its vanities, losing her liberty, perhaps to save herself from want, just as she had herself deprived the bird

of his for the same cause, her walk was springy, and she retained that easy swinging of the hips which is the race mark of the women of the Spains. Had she been in the world, no doubt as she walked through the plaza or the street, "God bless your mother," "Long live grace," and other cries of admiration would have followed her, and even as it was, the priests who visited the convent, and talked occasionally in the dark "locutorio" through the grating to the nuns, would sometimes say to one another that "Sister Candida was the fine essence of true salt, a pearl that God himself, no doubt, was pleased to wear." In the same way, a bullfighter who has left the ring, if he pass near a bull, rarely refrains from "challenging," as those intelligent in such things say, by shouting loudly, and by stamping with his feet.

Her happiness was just at its height, and she was praising God for having sent her just in time (another proof, if one were wanted, of His goodness towards all created things; well is it said that not a sparrow falls without His ken) to save the little life, and thinking to herself what name to give her prisoner, when a doubt arose. Her heart stopped beating for a moment as she thought the convent rules allowed no property. Nothing but articles of individual use, a rosary, a book of hours, a hair shirt, or a scourge, was fitting for a nun professed of the disengaged and blessed order, which the great Saint of Avila herself had purfled. Pets were not to be thought of, and she reflected that it seemed ages since she had known the bird, and he on his part twisted round his head, seeming to watch her movements in the cell.

All might have yet been well, had she but yielded to that unstable guide, mere reason, and opening the cell door, allowed the bird to fly. He would have

launched himself into the air with a glad chirp, for by this time the heat had moderated as eventide drew near, and flown refreshed to greet his friends, and tell them in the trees, or in the corner where he had his little home beneath the overhanging roof of some high belfry, of the amazing charity of a great being, tall as is a tower.

Sor Candida, young, kindly, and deprived of love by the religious life, felt if she let her new companion go that she would feel as does a man cast on a desert island with but one fellow, if that fellow dies.

Surely God would not be enraged if she allowed the bird to stay! Had He not sent him to her, or her to him, just in the nick of time? He looked so pretty with his round beady eyes, which followed her about. Besides, she felt he was too weak to fly, so as the convent bell rang out for benediction, and the shadows lengthened, stretching across the cell till they bathed half of it in a cool darkness, she took a handkerchief, and having covered up the cage, hurried off to the choir.

Perhaps her thoughts strayed from the contemplation of the Saviour's passion, realistically set forth ("to a bad Christ, much blood"), and from the antiphones, to her own cell, where in a corner the precious bird was sleeping, after his escape. The office over, all the nuns walked in the garden, pacing to and fro, glad to escape the heat the stones threw out at sunset, and to enjoy the air. Some sat and talked about the little gossip of the place, whilst others roamed about alone, turning incessantly when they reached the wall, just like wild animals shut in a cage in public gardens, to be gaped upon by fools. Others, who had the gift of prayer, sat alone enrapt, their lips just moving, and their beads slipping mechanically through their fingers as their souls strove to join themselves with God. Friends walked about in pairs,

chattering and laughing almost as gaily as girls do in the world, and even pinching one another on the sly. And as they walked, the bell of the cathedral rang out its martial tones, sounding as if from the stiff arm of some recumbent warrior in the choir a shield had fallen upon the stones.

The breeze just rustled in the trees, stirring their parched and thirsty leaves with a metallic sound. A coolness fell upon the land, and from the country came the lowing of the cows as they approached the well, where, since the sun had set, stood shepherds, their sheepskin jackets thrown upon the ground, as they strained on the rope which, passing through a wooden pulley, held a leathern bucket, just as in farthest Nabothéa Esau gave water to his herds.

So still the air was that the warning of the clock in the great tower upon the walls, before it struck, was heard across the town, whilst from the thirsty ground a scent of freshness came, as if to tell mankind that, down below the surface, all vegetation was alive though sleeping through the heat.

But all against the convent rules, the bird continued to sing on, and in the summer mornings, before the enemy, the sun, came out declaring war upon mankind, Sor Candida's most intimate and dearest friends used to assemble stealthily and fill her cell, to hear its melody. The delightful sense of doing something wrong—surely stolen music is as sweet as stolen waters—increased their pleasure, and they would sit enrapt, closing their eyes, to hear it lift its little canticle.

Holding each other's hands they sat, whilst one placed at the door looked through a chink, to give the alarm if the superior should come upon her rounds. All prospered, and the bird waxed fat, fed with nefarious rape and hempseed, introduced contraband into the convent by a sympathizing lay sis-

ter who went into the world to buy provisions, and his singing ravished the nuns into an ecstasy of innocent delight.

At times, Sor Candida would say, "Sisters, it seems impossible but that the Lord is pleased to hear the harmony the little one pours forth, all in His praise." And they, answering, would repeat gravely, "Yes, little sister, it must be so"; then they would push a piece of groundsel into the cage, for never had the garden of the convent been so free of weeds as since the advent of the little minstrel, saved so providentially, to sing the praises of the Lord.

All went on well, day following day, and though no doubt the bird mourned for the reasonable converse of his kind, and wondered how the world wagged with his fellows, he still grew fat, as it is said did Silvio Pellico, although we have no record of his song.

But, one fine morning as they sat listening to the feathered psalmody, all lost in admiration, and with the ready tear of simple souls glistening in all their eyes, a knock was heard, and the cell door flung open showed the superior standing in their midst. Sternly she gazed, her broad white "tocas" looking like driven snow against the dark brown habit which she wore, of the same make and quality as that worn by the foundress of their order, she who although she sits at the right hand, perhaps by virtue even more of her humanity than of her saintship, is yet a colonel of artillery, where the blood-red and orange banner floats against the sky. Her rosary hung by her side, the beads of coral and the little chains which held them, hammer wrought, with the "Maria" made in Zaragoza, bearing the figure of the "Virgen del Pilar." A round medallion of the blessed foundress hung about her neck, and her bare feet, thrust into hempen sandals, were white and clean,

the blue veins standing out upon the insteps, showing she followed the injunctions of her saint who said, "My daughters, it is dreadful to be foul." Her shale-black hair, half hidden by the "tocas," was silvering at the temples, and her round, fat, good-tempered face was puckered to a frown.

"Daughters," she said, "what brings so many of you here into one cell, as if you were conspirators? You know our rules forbid one nun to go into another's cell without permission, and never with closed doors."

The nuns stood silent, cowering together like wild mares in a corral. Then from the corner of the cell there came a muffled chirp, where the cage, hastily covered with a pocket-handkerchief, did not exclude the light. The prioress made a step forward, and, uncovering the cage, saw at a glance the motive of the nuns' silence, and the offender against all her rules serenely seated on his perch. Setting her face as sternly as she could, she said:

"Which of you is it who has brought this bird into the cell? All of you know that anything, animate or inanimate, which causes a nun's heart to stray from its allegiance to her spiritual husband, Christ, not only violates the spirit, but the letter of our rule."

Still no one answered, till, at last, pushed by the rest, Sor Candida, drying her tears and with one hand upon the little cage, as if to save it from the wrath of heaven, stood forth, and with the eloquence which has absorbed the entire activity of her race, took up her parable.

She laid herself upon the mercy, both of heaven and the prioress; told how, from her window, she had seen the bird lie choking in the sand, felt for its little agony, and had remembered, that, when upon the cross, our Lord had suffered all, but thirst, without complaint, and how something, she knew not what, had bade her venture,

although she knew that by thus stepping out into the street she had fallen into sin.

Then as her voice gained strength, and as she saw the encouraging glances of her fellow culprits, she explained how that ("and this the prioress knew well") one sin leads to another, and by degrees, all she had done seemed to grow natural, and it at last appeared that she had known the little bird for years.

The prioress stood listening, letting her beads mechanically slip between her fingers, whilst her eyes now and then looked vacant, as if her thoughts were straying to the patio of some brown Castilian grange, where children played about, and where just underneath the eaves, birds hung in cages, singing all the day.

The nuns all marked the look, and pressing closer to *Sor Candida*, encouraged her to speak. She told how, when the bird first sang, she thought the angels had come into the cell; and how she felt that all its singing was to God's glory, and then, the words half choking her in the sudden rush of explanation, she begged forgiveness, saying that, if the prioress opened the cage and let the bird escape, she had better also open the convent door and thrust her out into the street. She stopped, and for a moment nothing was heard but the nuns' stifled sobbing, until the prioress, with the frown almost vanished from her face, said:

"Daughter, you have acted wrongly, but we are human; let me see the little creature closer," and when they brought the cage, put out a plump white finger, and allowed the bird to peck at it, so naturally, it seemed as if instead of a grave nun of high position, she was a simple woman in the world.

Unwittingly she had exposed herself to the dread influence of sympathy, and as she stood a moment undecided, one

of the sisters seized the hand which hung down by her side, and kissed it, whilst the others, crowding about her, all found voice to beg for the retention of the little bird, which seated on its perch seemed to survey them critically, an attitude which it is not impossible is frequent in animals towards men. The prioress, after a moment or two's silence, drew herself up and said:

"Daughters, our good provincial comes to-morrow on a visit of inspection, and I will tell him what has occurred, and as he settles, so it shall be done." As she stopped speaking, the angelus called the nuns into the choir, and trooping out, they took their places in their stalls.

Next morning brought the provincial, who, in a shaky cab, drove to the door, looking incongruous, just as a nun looks out of place when travelling in a train. Had he but ambled to the door upon a mule, all would have been in keeping, except the canvas sand-shoes, which he wore in lieu of sandals, perhaps out of a half-felt spirit of homage to external progress, content to pass as a reformer to the outward eye, so that he kept the inward vision well obscured with the theology which he had learned in youth, or may be for his corns.

Withal an able man, and active in the business of the order, untiring in all things pertaining to the welfare of the province over which he ruled. Well educated, but not intellectual, for "quod natura non dat, Salamanca non prestat," he yet had that dry humor, so common throughout Spain, together with a democratic freedom in address, unknown in northern countries, and which perhaps the Arabs left as a memorial of their sway.

When he had had his chocolate, and gone minutely into all the details of the convent with the prioress, and when the sweets, for which the nuns were famous, the hard quince cheese and sweet-potatoes swimming in syrup

thick as honey, with the turón from Alicante, and the white cakes with caraways incrusted on the paste, were set upon the table, seated in a high-backed chair, the seat, of leather deeply stamped, held to the framework by brass-headed, hand-made nails, he said:

"How go our daughters in the Lord? Nuns, as our blessed foundress said, are ill to rule, and I to whom it is appointed to govern and inspect, know that they sometimes prove as difficult to manage as a flock of sheep. I speak under due license and with pardon, for we should not compare a Christian to a beast."

Then, drawing out his snuffbox, he tapped it in a contemplative way and took a pinch, brushing the residue from off his nostrils with a brown, hairy hand.

The prioress, who saw her opportunity, smiled and said:

"Surely your paternity does not imagine that I guide my flock after the fashion that a muleteer drives mules by shouting 'Arré' at them and by throwing stones?"

He laughed and said the answer was as full of grace as is an egg of meat, and after he had blown his nose with a not over-clean red cotton handkerchief, the prioress placed before him the difficulty that had arisen, and asked advice whether the bird might be retained, and, if it were retained, was it likely it would prove a stumbling-block, turning the minds of those who ought to think on spiritual things to the mere matters of the world?

Taking a piece of sweet-potato on the end of his broad pointed knife, the provincial conveyed it dexterously into his mouth, and swallowing it with a sound as when a duck plunges his beak below the water of a pond to eat a weed, and having wiped his mouth upon the table-cloth, for a moment closed his eyes, and then began to give his dictum on the case.

"Most of the trouble that we have in life," he said, "is due to human nature, which we can modify and alter, just as we can convey the water from a spring in a lead pipe into a house, so that the pressure be great enough to make it rise."

"Ah," the prioress cut in, "it is then pressure that makes the water rise. I never understood it, or how it was the water came into a house simply by laying down a pipe. . . . Wonderful, indeed, are the Almighty's ways; but there are other things, and how a key turns in a lock, and why the water rises in a pump, I cannot understand . . . but life is full of mysteries that no one can explain."

"Mother," the visitor rejoined, "the mind of woman is not made for science; there are mysteries which it is best that only men should pry into; believe me, peaches lose their bloom by being rubbed even with a silk handkerchief. Faith is your province, and the things that you have mentioned you had better take on trust, knowing that those, competent by their sex and education to deal with problems such as these, have solved them once for all. What says S. Chrysostom, 'Mens feminae non est . . .,' but why quote Latin? and besides, we stray far from our text. I have been thinking, as I spoke, on this thing and on that, and as I said, nature cannot be stifled, and it may be that it is not entirely without some great design that Providence has thus permitted this little creature of His own creating to have come into your lives. I would not that the sisters set their affections too much on the bird; but it may serve perhaps to show them resignation to the conventual life, being as it were itself an inmate of a cell, within a cell. So, for the present it can remain, and I will ask our Vicar-General when I see him, if I have acted well."

The prioress thanked him, and said

she would convey what he had said to Sister Candida and to the other nuns, and he, having taken leave, got back into his cab, and disappeared down the steep, stony street, the driver cracking his whip noisily as he sat with a rein in either hand, chewing a burnt-out stump of a cigar.

The good news spread at once, and Sister Candida became a hero with the simple nuns. The rescued bird little by little grew in favor with the nuns, who all declared to hear him sing was next to listening to the angels. Even the prioress brought him some sugar now and then, and smiled good-naturedly upon Sor Candida, when she launched out into his praise. Occasionally, so much he waxed in favor and in grace, his cage was taken into church, and as the organ pealed he twitteringly sang his little paeon to the Lord, making the nuns rejoice.

A year passed by, and once again the short but fierce Castilian summer heated the rocks of Avila, making the lichens and the mosses, with which the winter rains had clothed them, here and there shrivel like leather left out in the sun. Once more the parameras turned as brown as is the Sahara, and round the wells once more the expectant cattle waited for evening with their heads hanging to the ground. The convent once again threw a cool shadow on the street, and on the distant mountains of the Gredos only faint lines of snow remained that looked like veins of quartz or marble, seen in the clear white light. The heat continued into autumn, till the great day when Avila turns out to honor her who, born a simple gentlewoman, died the most human of the saints.

The convent was astir, and all the nuns from early dawn were running up and down, decking the church with flowers. Even the prioress abated somewhat of her dignity, and as she mopped her face and drank repeatedly

from the white porous bottle from Andújar, hung up in the draught to keep the water cool, said she had never seen the blessed foundress' day so stifling, and that she understood how much the Blessed Mother, born in cool Avila, had suffered in her journeys to the South. Services followed fast on one another, and high mass over, the nuns all crowded to the windows to see the image of the saint borne in procession through the streets. Aloft upon men's shoulders, and swaying to and fro as they with difficulty passed through the crowded streets, the saint appeared, her halo round her head, and in her hand one of her books, the other stretched in attitude of benediction to the crowd.

All the old palaces were crowded to the roofs. On all the balconies women with flowers in their coarse black hair leaned on each other's shoulders, and in the blazing sun the men and boys, their sleek and close-cropped heads impervious to the heat, stood and admired, taking their cigarettes out of their mouths just as the saint drew level with them, and replacing them at once as she passed on, the bearers holding theirs unlit between their fingers stained with tobacco juice. From the adjoining country tall and sinewy men, clad in short jackets and in knee-breeches, stood holding their stiff felt hats, their heads bound round with handkerchiefs, which they wore turbanwise with the ends hanging down. Their wives and daughters, dressed in short bell-shaped skirts, puffed out with many-colored flannel petticoats, had handkerchiefs crossed on their breasts, and their hair hanging down their backs. As the procession passed they crossed themselves and fell upon their knees.

It took its way down tortuous cobbled streets, passed mediæval houses with their coats of arms speaking of when the mystic city deserved its name

of "Avila of the Knights," by little plazas in which acacias grew, by the cathedral door, half fortress and half church, whose battlemented walls contrast so strangely with its belfry and its bells, until it reached the gate, where it came out upon the road to San José, the first foundation of the saint. All day the cannon roared, and in the churches services succeeded services, and Avila, for once, woke up in its desire to honor her who has made it known to all the world.

Inside the convent, when at last the services were done, and as the nuns sat talking in the refectory after their evening meal, the door was opened, and Sor Candida appeared, pale and with staring eyes, and in response to their enquiries exclaimed "The sin against the Holy Ghost," and rushed back to her cell. The nuns sat horrified, and the prioress, taking some holy water and a taper as arms against the evil one, who she averred must suddenly have fallen upon Sor Candida, went, amongst exclamations from the sisterhood of horror and alarm, to see what had occurred.

She paused before the door, and, looking in, saw kneeling on the floor Sor Candida, sobbing and calling down the curses of the Lord upon her head. Before her on a chair was set the little cage, where once the rescued bird had sat upon his perch, and had poured

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forth the melodies which, as the nuns averred, were praises to the Lord.

The cage was there, a lump of sugar and a piece of groundsel, dried brown with heat, were sticking to its bars. The earthen water-vessel was upset and dry, and in the bottom lay a little bundle of dishevelled feathers, out of which stuck a head with glassy eyes and beak wide open, showing that the poor occupant of the cane cell had died of thirst; but rescued, as it seemed, to taste once more the bitterness of death by an inexorable fate.

Tears blurred the eyes of the good-natured prioress. Twice she essayed to speak, and then Sor Candida, rising from her knees, looked at her wildly and exclaimed: "This is the sin against the Holy Ghost I have committed.

"Whilst I prayed in the church and sat and watched our saint borne through her town in triumph, this little one of God lay choking in the heat.

"How could the saint forget? It would have cost her nothing to have put a thought into my mind.

"This punishment perhaps has come upon me as a warning that we nuns should not attach ourselves to any one but Christ."

She sank again upon her knees, and the poor prioress, having again essayed to speak without avail, stood playing nervously with the Maria of her rosary.

R. B. Cunningham Graham.

PULL DEVIL, PULL BAKER.

For some days I had been hunting the Hooghly for a good specimen of the Indian crocodile, and though I had knocked over a couple that seemed a good size I found them both, on measurement, to be less than eighteen feet. As I wanted a really fine example for a large European museum I rejected both

these unlucky fellows, and changed my ground.

The natives had told me of an old bull crocodile that had made a name for himself by his pranks in the mating season, roaring and fighting, and ruling the roost with a vengeance. He was a giant, they said, could seize the

biggest animals that ventured down to drink at his haunts, and had even been known to attack small boats. He had long ago left the banks of the Hooghly and located himself in one of its many branches. My informants were so precise as to the locality, and so full of the beast's unusual size, that I determined to at least have a look for him.

A pair-oar with one man (Bishtu), my Remington, and a couple of coils of rope to tow the spoil, made my outfit; and after breakfast one morning we dropped down the river, and soon came to the mouth of the branch, where my game was said to be. His favorite haunt was a small sandy bay on the left bank, where a backing eddy ran; and on each end of the crescent grew a knot of peepul or Indian fig-trees, which rose higher than the surrounding jungle, and made with their dark foliage two pillars that clearly marked the spot. Between these two green pillars was his favorite basking-place; Bishtu said he knew the spot well, though he had never seen King Crocodile himself. Keeping an eye for our landmarks, and scanning the banks on either hand, we ran down with the current, but a full hour passed, and no tall trees had we seen. I had begun to think my bay and big crocodile were all a fairy tale when my man, looking over his shoulder, sighted the signals. There they were sure enough, round a bend in the river, and about a quarter of a mile ahead. Both of us lay down in the boat, and with the tiller in my hand I guided her so that we should pass the cove at a distance of about eighty or a hundred yards out. Slowly we covered the distance, and every yard of sand and every stretch of grass near the water did I carefully search; but there was no sign of the giant, nor indeed of any other of his kind. "Crocodile asleep," grunted my man; "come out soon." On the hope that the brute might appear later I let the

boat continue her silent way for half a mile past the bay; then drawing into the opposite bank we hitched her to an overhanging bough and I sought solace from my pipe.

After a couple of hours spent in our shady retreat we pushed out, and began to make our way up stream as quietly as possible, my man using his oars with great skill. Just before we sighted the cove we both heard a splash, and a slow expectant smile broadened on Bishtu's face; his oars slipped in and out of the water as noiselessly as wings in air. Another fifty yards of silent creeping opened the bay, and there, sure enough, about two-thirds out of the water lay a huge fellow, whose size fired my ambition; he was a big one and no mistake. Silently we backed to the far bank and took stock. The beast lay with his tail in the stream, and by its frequent motion showed that he was quite on the alert, perhaps hungry. To attempt to approach him from behind in the hope of an effective shoulder-shot was very risky; at the slightest alarm he might back into the water. I determined therefore to land some distance below him, and stalk him up the bank,—not the safest of ventures by any means, for the dense jungle was rich in tigers, and the marshy banks teemed with snakes. We dropped down till out of sight, then crossed over, and I landed about a couple of hundred yards below the bay. With wary steps I drew upstream, an occasional splash telling me my game was still there. When I got close up I found that the jungle-grass so completely hid the cove that even from my full height I could not see its sandy banks. Looking round for a handy tree, I soon drew myself to a level where I could command the beast's position. Great was my disappointment to find that he had drawn back into the water, and now only his huge head and shoulders were uncov-

ered. But what a huge brute it was! Never had I seen so fine a specimen; he was worth any amount of trouble, and if only he would come out and offer me a fair shot I would send home to England such a crocodile as had very rarely, if ever, been seen. But even as I measured and measured again the length of his ugly snout I distinctly saw his nostrils unclose, and a suspicious sniff told him apparently of my proximity. Slowly the great jaws sank out of sight, and only the water now shone where he had been; then a slight ripple, and a line of air bubbles led away to an overhanging mass of bush under which they continued to rise and break on the surface. He had scented me, and was gone; but there was an hour of daylight still, and I would wait, or I would come back and wait for him next day.

I was just preparing to change my position for an easier one when a startling thing happened. There was the slightest possible rustle of the fringe of grass, and a huge tiger stepped out on to the sand, and crouched with his nose to the water. He was a splendid animal, a male of unusual size, and in fine condition. His tawny coat and black stripes were in striking contrast, and his tall rings were very finely marked. He had passed within thirty yards of me, but luckily the wind was down stream, and he had not nosed me.

In a moment I had trained my rifle on him, but on second thoughts I determined to wait events.

He was thirsty, and lapped from the stream with every sign of enjoyment. His tail lay spread out on the slope, his front paws under him formed a rest for his jaws that he lowered again and again to the water. No suspicion of my presence disturbed him, and soft purring sounds told how completely he was at his ease, and unsuspecting of any danger by water or land.

Meanwhile, what was the crocodile

doing? That he was moving the frequent ripples showed me, and soon I could see that he was making for deeper water. Then his road changed, and the line of bubbles told that he was moving across the mouth of the cove; at its extreme end he paused, and after a minute or so turned inwards towards the recumbent tiger. Surely he was not going to attack such a tremendous enemy. For a few yards the rising bubbles would move forwards, then cease to rise, move forward again, and again cease; and each time that cunning reptile crept nearer and nearer to his prey. I had been following his movements with the keenest attention, but now a low suspicious growl drew my eyes to the threatened tiger. There was a significant change in his pose; his barred tail commenced to sweep the sand, his short mane was bristling, his head raised. Evidently he scented an enemy; but whether it was the reptile in the water, or the man in the tree, was not certain.

Again the bubbles rose. The crocodile had drawn nearer till his head had passed within a couple of yards of the tiger. Why had he not seized him? Had he thought better of it, and sheered off? Not he! For a moment he lay still; then the surface of the water was violently broken, and the powerful tail struck the tiger a tremendous blow on the head and shoulders. With a roar that shook the woods, the tiger threw up his head; but before he could leap back two great gaping jaws were thrust above the water, and clashed together where the tiger's nose had been a moment before. The crocodile had missed his aim, but his great teeth closed upon the tiger's left cheek and on the tough hide of his neck and held him as in a vice. Then followed a terrible struggle, the crocodile trying to drag the tiger into the river, and the tiger, with his claws

thrust deep into the sandy bank, resisting with all his might. With all his weight, and with forward sweeps of his powerful tail, the crocodile dragged at the agonized brute, whose roars of rage and pain were terrible to hear. My nerves quivered and my rifle shook in my hand, though my experiences with big game had not been devoid of thrilling moments; but the battle was so near, and so terrific.

The unequal struggle had moved me, and I found myself eagerly watching to give aid; but a shot to be effective must be planted behind the shoulder, and that was under water. I could only bide my time and watch the tug-of-war. Sometimes one beast, sometimes the other, flagged in his efforts. Slowly, inch by inch, the tiger was dragged from his haunches; then realizing his danger a herculean effort would throw him back in his former position. Then the crocodile would drag and tear and sweep his great tail, and the unlucky victim, torn and mutilated, would growl his agony with terrifying intensity. Several of these bouts came, and still the tiger held his ground. But now his foe, impatient for the end, changed his tactics, and to secure a better hold, he for a moment relaxed his grip. In one instant the tiger had wrenched his torn cheek from the loosened jaws, and in another his fangs crunched with maddened force through bony jaw and out-spread tongue of the reptile whose swirling tail told its own tale. The biter was bit, and the struggle was now more equal. The tiger could drag at his enemy without being flayed alive, and drag he did. Despite his loss of blood, at one tremendous lift he gained a foot, then drawing back first one paw and then the other he repeated the process, and foot by foot the struggling, snorting reptile was drawn over the edge of the slope. Now my chance came: as he

thrust forward his short fore-legs the white of his shoulder showed, and in quick succession I fired twice at the unguarded spot. The effect was instantaneous; the tail whirled in the air, the front paws lost their hold, and the brute lay an inert mass which the tiger dragged still further up the slope. Then he stopped and relaxed his hold; for a moment he held himself rigid and ready, then he dropped his muzzle down to that of his prostrate foe, sniffed at him once, twice, and then with a low growl,—perhaps of wonder, perhaps of defiance—he turned and vanished like a shadow into the jungle-grass. I willingly let him go.

For five minutes I waited on my perch, lest he might return, unexpected; then with a call to Bishtu I slipped down, and made for my prize. He was a monster indeed, and evidently of great age. But already the twilight was appearing, and darkness in such a place was dangerous; so making a loop round him with a rope I tied him to the nearest tree and, stepping into the boat, we set off home in the gathering night.

Next morning, with three men and a larger boat, we set out to bring in our prize. He was lying as we left him, and the sand showed the spoor of many feet. Our captive had evidently chosen a favorite resort of the jungle folk and levied toll on all and sundry. His internal arrangements, which we left behind us, indicated his varied fare, from snakes to deer, as well as the human beings committed to the waters; all were welcome to his economy.

He was a magnificent brute twenty-one feet nine inches long; and one of my shots had passed through his tough old heart. With no little labor we towed him home, and after he had been properly prepared I shipped him to Europe, the biggest Indian crocodile I have ever seen.

THE WORST JOURNALISM.

We do not remember any judicial judgment within the last twenty years which has excited a louder or more universal chorus of acclamation, public and private, than the award of £50,000 against the proprietors of the "Daily Mail" and "Evening News," on account of their libels on Messrs. Lever. Even if we write off some part of this unqualified approbation as due to the human weakness of *Schadenfreude*, we think it represents a very clear and useful movement of opinion. The merits of the "Daily Mail's" case against Mr. Lever we need hardly discuss, for it had no merits. Great trading combinations have their obvious evils and dangers. They are increased twentyfold when behind them lie those powers and privileges of monopoly which the proprietors of the Harmsworth journals seek for themselves, and to which they would further attach the most powerful instrument of industrial oppression known to the modern world, a Protectionist tariff. But Mr. Lever's union of soap-making firms happened to be free from every one of the evil practices that the "Daily Mail" associated with it. It was accused of fraud in the sale of soap. It happened to have taken specially honorable precautions to avoid even the suspicion of fraud. It was said to have brought about wholesale dismissals of workpeople, to have bought up all the fish and whale oil of Newfoundland—a specially impudent fabrication in the mouths of the proprietors of the "Daily Mail"—to have aimed at the complete and oppressive control of prices and production. Every one of these charges was false. Every one of them was seen to have crumbled when Mr. Lever left the witness-box at the end of his

cross-examination at the hands of one of the ablest advocates the English bar has ever known. Not one had been seriously investigated. The whole method of the "Daily Mail" proved to be a farrago of mindless and malicious chatter. We suppose that if Mr. Lever had been able to estimate his special damages, the authors of these libels might have been made to pay not £50,000, but £150,000. With such methods of examining public questions, responsible journals, which have to face the standing hostility of British juries in the matter of the law of libel, have a serious quarrel. Nothing can be more discredited to the cause of just criticism by the newspaper press than the exposure of mere reckless unscrupulousness.

However, the sins of the "Daily Mail" in the Lever case constitute one of its more venial and reputable offences. Their measure can be taken, their damage roughly assessed, their falsehood exposed. Mr. Lever has his £50,000, but who is to find reparation for the victims of the orgie of vituperation which preceded and largely brought about the Boer War? They can come before no court of this world. The war in which they fell, like most wars, was more than a mere diplomatic quarrel. We did not fight the Boers because we had a series of disputes with Mr. Kruger about suzerainty, or the franchise, or the death of Mr. Edgar, but because the British people had been taught to believe that they were dealing with a nation whose government and whose character were especially depraved, treacherous, and cruel. The chief instrument in that act of defamation was the "Daily Mail." What that paper helped to do against Great Britain and South

Africa in 1899, it is proceeding in 1907, by the same coarse arts, to practise against the German people. What it is doing for Germany it had previously attempted to do for France. The columns of such a newspaper inevitably become a saturnalia of popular passion. The excitability and instability of the crowd, its vanity, its light views, its heady talk, its fitful hates, its foolish contempt for other peoples, above all its ignorance, find the most common and reckless expression. In this process both the rarer and the everyday uses of journalism are completely obscured. Massacres are invented, peaceful Conferences are disturbed by sensational canards, which are not even withdrawn when they are exposed, facts are everywhere depraved or ignored. The affair of Sir Robert Bond and the Colonial Conference is in all men's memories. Let us recall an earlier incident. When the International Court of Inquiry appointed to investigate the Russian attack on the North Sea fishing fleet was coming to its conclusions, the "Daily Mail" stated that its verdict was a complete justification of the firing on the trawlers. This decision was declared to discredit arbitration and to justify in future incidents "a recourse to instant reprisals." A few days later the "Daily Mail" admitted that on all essential points the verdict was in favor of England.

These, indeed, are the inevitable faults of sensational journalism all the world over, a journalism that does not stay to think, and cares to know nothing accurately or fairly. Its incessant care is to keep the public mind in the state of inflamed intoxication in which it pushes its rulers into any heady crime or folly. The American yellow Press, to which the Harmsworth journals went to school, has indeed some qualities from which its

imitators are free. It has errors of generosity. Mr. Hearst's journals, for example, are not admirable productions. But they have resisted Trusts, spent thousands of pounds in asserting public rights, preached extreme and unpopular social doctrine, heavily damaged financial interests from which they largely draw their revenues. We know of no such quixotism on the part of the conductors of our yellow Press. Mr. Meredith once well described its chief patentees as "tradesmen speculating in the reaction." But, indeed, they speculate in everything. Liberalism, Toryism, Free Trade, Protection, all is fish that comes to their net of many meshes. The publishers of "Comic Cuts" and "Chips" deal also in "Good Words" and set up the "Sunday Circle." All issues are confused, all tastes served in turn, so only that they be trivial. The goddess of light-mindedness never had such worship; never was the froth of life more dexterously skimmed; never did the palace and the servants' hall find tenderer bonds of unity. There is undoubtedly cleverness of selection and presentment in this type of journalism, a certain feeling for the mind of the million, a deftness in anticipating and feeding its mood, and varying sharply with its instability. But what a fate for democracy if *this* is to be its voice, these its teachers! Our consolation, and a true and stable consolation it is, is that such journalism, though it has destroyed many of the old landmarks of the profession, is itself doomed to decay, as the phase of semi-education through which we are passing tends to disappear or to be modified. The "Daily Mail" and its like are written by the half-read for the half-read. When the people know a little more, and feel a little more deeply, even it may improve.

THE LIMITS OF SPEED.

The cycle was said to have emancipated women; the motor, to which two or three performances of last and this week must direct the world's interest, is to emancipate society. Incidentally, it is worth notice that those who have led as motor-drivers had led as riders of the cycle. The driver of the Italia car, in the extraordinary run from London to Monte Carlo some weeks ago, was an eminent cyclist; and Mr. Edge is said to attribute a part of his stamina and nerve to earlier proficiency as a long-distance rider. The advent of the motor was celebrated by poets as well as mechanics. Not the least interesting incident was a duel between Mr. Henley, as hustler, and Mr. E. V. Lucas, as loiterer; the first celebrated Speed, as represented by the Mercédés, the other "the delicate and gentle art of never getting there," as practised by man's legs. But even Mr. Lucas would grant in his prose moments that the speed of the motor is, on the whole, likely to be good for man. Ruskin himself, whose tirade against railways is too often quoted, was at times, as is generally forgotten, a sincere admirer. He saw in them the escape from the towns. His periods—*si foret in terris*—would doubtless flame against the Jugernaut of the car trailing foul dust in its wake and heralding its approach with a raucous blare; but his lively imagination would as certainly have been fired by the new "revolution of the wheel," the shrinkage of space, the clipping of time. For in the sequel, shortening time is enlarging leisure.

One may inveigh with justice against motor-racing. It serves no immediate purpose; drives no engine. It may even deflect the energies of inventors and manufacturers from their proper service on behalf of social progress into a

groove that restricts their usefulness in the promotion of a game. But racing does this much at least, it stimulates the imagination to the grasp of the new world that was never more seductive—not even when Phenicians touched the Fortunate Islands or the rainbow bubbles rose to the surface of the South Seas. We are at a point in mechanical invention when it is impossible for the most sluggish-minded to think more of the past than the future. We are all of us contiguous to a new world, not because the globe holds new countries for discovery, but because all the known countries are brought to our door.

From this point of view one may look upon Mr. Edge's "defeat of the scythe-bearer"—as of course some sporting paper called it—with the return of Raleigh from one of his western voyages. Imagine, as a child might, the Equator as a level regular line round the earth; raise and broaden the line into a viaduct of smooth surface; give to man some slight access of endurance—in such conditions Mr. Edge would have fetched the compass of the earth in fifteen days. This, no doubt, is not practical economics. We are not yet round this bumpy and eccentric sphere in twice the time. But to-day's marvels are the commonplaces of to-morrow, and what one man does this year in an artificial amphitheatre, the common herd may be doing next year in a country lane or our country fields. We have had in the last fortnight not one or two "things that imagination boggles at." M. Duray in the Paris grand prix covered seventy-three miles in the hour. That wild Childe-Roland journey over the Mongolian deserts—first stage in a journey from Pekin to Paris—has revised the definition of pathless Asia. The hill-tracts in which 80 per cent. of

cars climbed the stiffest gradients without hurt, have planed the hummocky surface of Scotland. The gyroscopic railway of Mr. Brenan's—who has proved that an engine may run with a stable equilibrium on a single rope stretched, if need be, in mid-air, and at the rate, say, of a hundred miles an hour—has added safety and economy to what was just now called break-neck speed. The seas have shrunk hardly less than the land. Halifax may presently be less than five days from London. The twenty-three knots that the liners now make may at any time be much increased, partly by new engines and forces—with the motor-boat as a hint—partly, some inventors hope, by sliding over a sea that is now with much labor cut. But even twenty-five miles an hour, in almost the safest of all means of transit, is enough to have altered the world's view of its own constitution. The wide seas that separated the members of Great Britain represented in the Frenchman's phrase the *pieds d'argile* of the British colossus. Since he spoke, the clay feet have hardened and are as nimble as Mercury's. It is announced this week that the new Canadian Pacific route has bettered by a half Jules Verne's prognostic of round the world in eighty days. It can be done in future in forty days and a half. The air through which men dreamt of flying even in mythological days is still defiant, but the chance of slipping smoothly just above ground on an unresisting plane and at a bird's speed, is now nearer a vision than a dream.

Where is this vision to end and what will it serve? To some extent the mathematicians can answer. When we have eliminated friction, the resistance of the air must always vary as the square of the velocity taken with the measure of the resisting surface. A ship at twenty-two knots has almost to double its coal consumption to get a

knot more. Wear and tear increase not at a mathematical, but a very real, ratio with the rate of speed. Not even rubber has perfect resilience—nor concrete, as Mr. Edge's tyres proved, complete durability. Heat is a mode of motion, as Francis Bacon said, and the generation of it by speed must prevent many hopes, among others some of the prophecies made by Roger Bacon three centuries earlier than the *Novum Organon* in the *de secretis operibus naturae*, which may be called the first work in the motorist's and aeronaut's bibliography. But after all the limits laid down by physics are almost negligible because in a world so confined as ours their maximum is well outside what is desirable. We do not want to travel more than a hundred miles an hour, but we do very much want such a rate to be a common, a popular, a cheap and feasible mode of motion; as its Laureate wrote: "Speed as a chattel, speed in your daily account and economy; one with your wines, and your books, and your bath—speed." We have approached this consummation at an astounding rate. Diarists sixty years ago wrote of their alarm at the outrageous notion of travelling at seventeen miles an hour along lines. To-day a maintained speed of fifty is normal. Plymouth and Liverpool are within four hours of London, and it is a safe prophecy, of which the monorail and gyroscope are a harbinger, that a hundred miles an hour will be presently a good safe pace. But on the motor-car the chief hopes are built. It is a half-divulged secret of the laboratory and the engine-room that the discovery of a new process is being worked out which may cheapen fuel at the same time that it quickens pace. The poets are right. As Byron wrote:

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!
So smooth, so level, such a means of shaving

The Earth as scarce the Eagle in the
broad
Air can accomplish. . . .

The turnpikes are gone, the road is smooth with tar, and Byron's successor says of his Mercédes, not that she approaches the eagle, but that, endowed with the strength of seventy-five horses, "seventy-five puissant superb fellow-creatures,"

She runs down the birds,
You can catch them like flies
As, poor wretches, they race from you.

It is true, unhelped by wind, the pigeon travels only about sixty miles an hour, and most birds on migration do not exceed from twenty to thirty. What remains to be done now that a bird's speed has been reached is to acquire for society a bird's mobility. We want

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such readiness in handling this new engine of health and comfort that, to take two out of many generic instances, the remotest farm may respond instantly to the urban market; and the cabin'd oppidan move naturally, easily, and cheaply between village and office. The telephone has clinched the prosperity of small holders at Evesham merely by annihilating the distance between this remote riverside spot and the great towns. Car and telephone together will do a like service to many more such colonies at the same time that it may serve even the poorest groups of those whom towns immure. Because, for all its usefulness, it has brought such prospects to the imagination, we look on Mr. Edge's ride as harbinger of as "good news" as ever the companion of Dirk and Joris brought from Ghent to Aix.

A NORTHERN HAMLET.

"Quarterly, or and gules; on the first a raven proper." Such is the sign of the old village inn, whose date, carved directly below, bespeaks a time when these things were wrought with more care and exactness than now prevail. To look at, it is an ordinary and not remarkably picturesque country public-house, undecorated by flowers, with a few shoots of ill-grown ivy creeping up the north side, close to the narrow door; but, nevertheless, with a certain delicacy of coloring above the stonework, a soft and friable freestone in varying shades of umber and deep magenta, eaten out in places to concavity by the sea winds of many winters.

This village, at least, has not felt the drain of the rural exodus. Three hundred years ago its population was recorded at between two and three hun-

dred souls, and between two and three hundred souls its population is at the present day. The old cottages down by the beach preserve the curious let-in, curtained beds, like bunks in a ship; and the fisherfolk dwelling in them preserve the customs and superstitions of their great-great-grandfathers. Lying fourteen miles from the nearest town, and untouched by the spirit of the "seaside resort," their conservatism has not been interfered with; they still look askance at the stranger, and it takes much time and patience to overcome their reserve. Herein lies the great difference between the fishermen and the pitmen, who are "hail-fellow-well-met" with everybody. But like the pitmen, they have curious names among themselves, "by-names" in their own phrase: Sheila, Dochie, Punch, Fid, Doad, and others even

more strange and meaningless, of the origin of which they themselves confess their ignorance.

They represent a dying race. For their harvest is of the sea, and that harvest is failing every year. Twenty years ago turbot, cod, ling, conger, haddock, and whiting were caught in quantities; but at the present day the winter subsistence of the fishermen depends almost entirely on the crabs. Steam trawlers came over the ground and destroyed the turbot-nets; the cod and ling vanished before their comprehensive trawl; and the haddock and whiting in their turn have almost disappeared; only the countless myriads of crabs seem to withstand the continual drain upon their numbers. It is the old antagonism of sail and steam, of combinations of labor against units, and the coast-dwelling fisherman who owns his boat and sails it with his sons for crew will have to go. Even now some of the men, at the close of the herring season, go inland to work in the quarries; the pay is low, but it is sure, and there is not at least the daily risk of life.

But they come back in May, when the work of refitting the herring-boats begins. Like the Sliochd-na-mara of the Gael, they have the wave in their hearts, and an utter incapacity for continuous labor on shore. Dochie, the oldest fisherman in the village, whose father was drowned at sea fifty years ago, and who himself was the sole survivor from a capsized coble in which he was returning from the "banks" with his two brothers, worked during the early months of last year in the quarries. In the first fortnight of May he was back within call of the sea, repainting the name and registration number on his boat, and re-caulking her. "Ay," he said, "aa've followed the harrn these fifty-five years, an' aa canna let them bide." So he and his sons went out again in

the old boat, with varying success. He lived in one of the old-fashioned tiled cottages which are being so rapidly replaced by an amorphous County Council type of red-brick monstrosity. His forbears, back through six generations, had lived in the same, and he remembered many of his grandfather's tales of the press-gang: how, when word came from further up the coast that his Majesty's officers were in the neighborhood, "in five minutes there wesna a fisherman in B—: they wor aal away to the hills." And there they would stay until the danger was over. Two of his uncles had been whalers, men who shipped away for three years at a time, living upon salt tack and biscuits, and coming home with rare curiosities for the children and strange tales of unknown lands and seas. In the loft above, where the herring-nets are stored in the winter, was the spinning-wheel with which his mother made twine for the nets.

On Saturday nights Dochie was a regular attendant at the old inn; slouching through a three-foot wall (for this part of it in former days had been a peel-tower, into which the cattle were brought for safety from the Border raiders), and taking his seat in the kitchen on a bench by the fireside; home-cured hams swinging from the rafters above, and a huge kettle singing on the hob. One by one the older men would drop in, nodding silently to their companions and to "aad Harry," the Caliban figure in the corner, as persistent as the beer-stained table in front of him, with one eye permanently closed, his body gnarled and twisted by rheumatism out of all semblance of a man; a huge purple nose, showing, like Bardolph's, the reason of his failure in life—the reason why he sleeps in a cow-byre and lives upon charity—the unmistakable evi-

dence of an unswerving and life-long devotion to the nymph Whisky. A plump rosy-cheeked maid brings beer in blue earthenware mugs, pipes are lit, and the air soon grows heavy with smoke. Conversation is generally reminiscent; the men speak of gales of long ago, "breezes" they call them, and of comrades lost at sea, subjects which never grow stale. It is difficult to approach the question of any of their superstitions; they soon grow taciturn if they imagine they are being "drawn."

One of the most curious of these superstitions—the one which perhaps to this day has the strongest hold upon them—is that connected with the name of Graham. No fisherman will go to sea if he has heard this name mentioned, nor will he do any manner of work upon that day. He will refuse to sail in a boat with any one bearing the name, and a house-painter from Newcastle called Graham, who had been sent to do some work in one of the large houses, found his life made so unbearable by the villagers that he incontinently returned to town, leaving his work uncompleted. The women who bait the lines in the winter will unbait every hook and re-bait the whole length—the labor of hours—if they hear it mentioned. A local tradesman bearing this unfortunate patronymic is never referred to save as "Puff"; another, an innkeeper, is known as "Lucky Bits." No rational explanation is to be found. On one of the most intelligent fishermen being questioned on the subject, he laughed the idea to scorn; why, his daughter was married to a Graham. But, he added, a strange thing happened two years ago, when he was off at the herring fishing, and had not been home for some weeks. Having received a letter at Shields to say that his son-in-law was ill, he hailed a passing boat which had come from the

North, asking if they had heard how Jack Graham was. "And wad ye beleev't, ne soonor had aa syed the words, than theor wes a crash, and the mast went ower the side!" None of the crew spoke to him for the rest of the day.

Unlike the majority of country folk, they possess but little faith in quack remedies for general complaints, perhaps because sickness is comparatively rare; yet in the case of minor accidents, such as pricks from poisonous fish, raw cuts which do not heal on account of the incessant irritation of sea-water, for these things they have infallible remedies, and many of them keep bottles compounded by their favorite wizard, of which the composition is debatable, though all agree upon the presence of "vitriol." Lanced with a needle, and anointed with the infallible specific, the poison slowly rises out like a little ball, and the swollen hand and arm are free from pain.

Sunday sees the old men in their newest jerseys and huge sombrero-like hats, strolling towards the little church. Doad, with his coppery face, seamed by a thousand wrinkles, and the corners of his broad mouth ever oozing tobacco-juice, sings in the choir. Dochie's long white beard is to be seen at the back of the church, his bald head covered by a red flannel night-cap, worn with the parson's permission; his wife, five years his senior, bent by weight of years, and with sparse gray hairs projecting untidily from beneath her old-fashioned bonnet, sitting on his right hand; both of them supremely attentive and devoutly reverent. In the afternoon groups of men gather among the boats which are hauled up on the bents, and stand smoking silently, gazing out over the sea, which thunders up to their doors in winter-time when the wind blows from the East, during the spring tides.

In summer the younger men, each with a flower in his peaked cap, walk along the beach, or sit out upon the limestone promontory among the ruins of the old fourteenth-century chapel, idly crumbling its decaying stones, or raking among the sand which half buries it for human remains, a tooth, a finger-bone. Some walk inland, to court the farm girls at Tuggal,—Tuggal, whose name will never be forgotten as one of the places where the body of holy Cuthbert rested on the night of December 15th, 1069, during its removal from Durham to Lindisfarne:—

The first nyght in Paule Kyrke
Thai rest in Iarow, whiles it was
myrke,
In Bedlington the second nyght,
The third in Tughall thai them dight;
To Holy Eland come thai
With the cors, on the ferde day.

So the days pass. Changes come over the face of the country; only a few

The Spectator.

stones remain of the chapel at Tuggal; the old peel-tower now forms the cellar of the inn; the long, low point jutting out to seaward, with the propeller-shaft of a steamer still marking the spot of the most recent wreck, is gradually wearing away before the ceaseless action of wind and wave. A wall has been built to preserve the cart-road; many acres of one field have utterly vanished.

But through all these changes some things persist. In heart, as in dialect, the fishermen, so full of admirable qualities, so simple, honest, and unsophisticated, are, one is sure, the same men that they were three hundred years ago; and if the inn itself is only in part more than two hundred years old, and that part sadly altered, does it not show the arms of a family whose representatives still reside in the village, arms which have been borne by them for nearly nine hundred years:—"Quarterly, or and gules; on the first a raven proper"?

AN AVENUE TO THE INFINITE.

Sir David Gill's Presidential Address to the British Association reminds us of the alterative theory of the action of drugs. According to that ingenious interpretation of therapeutic action, certain chemical substances have no specific effect on the diseases that they cure. Introduced to the physiological tides of the body, they set up a maelstrom of disorderly currents, the wildest floods and eddies, an overwhelming disturbance of all existing motions. When the storm settles and peace resumes its sway, it is found that the acquired habits of the tissues and organs have been shaken off, the later rhythms of disease are forgotten and the cells revert to the

older, saner routine of health. Through some analogous process every intelligent man must pass who has brought his conception of the infinite in contact with Sir David Gill's presentation of the methods and results of astronomical science.

The infinite is as far from the grasp of the lowest savage as from that of the most cultured philosopher, and no farther. The knowledge of all the ages subtends no greater angle at the infinite than the meanest imaginings of the most stupid child. It is a region inhospitable to the mind of man, incongruous with his powers, where his most substantial architecture crumbles to an impalpable dust. It evades

the most cunning meshes woven by the intellect; it scatters into chaos the mathematician's best-welded formula. It is a great flood, against which Mrs. Partington's mop is no feebler weapon than the finest engines of science. For these very reasons, because the child and the philosopher, the comfortable citizen and the dematerialized ascetic are alike powerless before it, we have domesticated the idea and made of it a familiar, almost meaningless term. Because it is incomprehensible to all, we all think we comprehend it.

Here comes the President of the British Association. I am not going, he says in effect, to talk to you of the infinite, but shall bring before you some large numbers, some complex forms of motion, some long periods of time. Be it noticed that however vast and complex are the objects and motions with which astronomers deal, these are scrutinized with a minute accuracy far more precise than what contents us in mundane affairs. The sun's distance from us is now known within a thousandth part of its actual amount. To realize what that degree of accuracy means, consider the insignificance of the error involved if you know your own height within the thickness of a shilling. And presently, Sir David Gill informs us, astronomers will be able to measure the solar parallax within one ten-thousandth of its amount. When we pass from our own system to the stars, other units of measurement have to be adopted. The solar system is moving through space with a velocity of about twelve miles per second; that is to say, in a year it has moved through space a distance equal to four times that of the earth from the sun. And yet, although we are moving with that inconceivable velocity through space, it is only with the lapse of great periods of time that there is any apparent difference in

our position relative to the fixed stars. Sir David Gill finds some historical rumor of such a change. The Southern Cross must have been visible, in the latitude of Judaea, low down on the southern horizon when the writer of Job added to Arcturus, Orion and the Pleiades the "chambers of the south." The vast distances of the stars have to be measured not in millions of miles, not in multiples of the diameter of the solar system, but in "light-years," the space that would be traversed by light in the course of a year. Within a sphere the radius of which is 560 "light-years" there are to be found, on the average, a series of stars of different magnitudes ranging from one giving from 100,000 to 10,000 times the light of the sun to 430,000 giving nearly the same amount of light, 600,000 giving one-tenth of the light of the sun, and beyond these indefinitely increasing numbers. The star-density in space, the number of stars per unit volume of space, appears to be fairly constant until we reach a distance of nearly 200 light-years from the sun, and afterwards to diminish until the distance of 2,500 light-years is reached, after which uncertainty begins.

The complexity of the cosmos appears to be as overwhelming as its numerical and spatial relations. According to the luminous metaphor quoted by the President, if the stars were fixed and the solar system were hurtling through space, a phenomenon would be visible similar to that which occurs when a man drives rapidly through a wood. The trees as he approaches them seem to open out and recede from each other, whilst the trees from which he drives away close up behind him; so also the stars in the direction to which the sun is travelling would appear to recede from one another, whilst the stars that were being left behind would draw together. But

the stars are not fixed; each has its own proper motion, and it is only by incredibly patient labor that the proper motions are being disentangled from the changes due to the motion of our system. The watching astronomer is whirling round the axis of the earth; the earth is revolving round the sun, and sun and earth are moving through space amongst moving stars. It would be little wonder if the task of resolving these motions had proved insuperable, but Sir David tells us that some order in the cosmic motion is becoming apparent, that in fact it appears to consist of two great streams rushing in opposite directions. Both streams are alike in design, in chemical constitution and in process of development. Finally, spectral analysis has revealed that many of the nebulae are composed not of stars but of the inchoate matter out of which stars are formed, and that every gradation exists between these and active suns like our own, and between these and almost heatless and invisible balls of matter. The whole period of the history of mankind has been too short, even if observations had been recorded from the time of primitive man to the present day, to trace the progress of

evolution in any particular star, but the theory that the different states are different stages in evolution is the only one tolerable to the human mind.

Here then is matter to inform our conception of infinity with a real meaning, to change it from a smooth counter to an appalling reality. We may affect to reconcile many of our bland theories with the emptiness into which we have transformed the word infinity; can we reconcile them with the prodigious numbers, the vast spaces and endless complexity of the cosmos as described by the President of the British Association, although these are infinitely short of infinity? Out of the disconcerting attempt, however, there comes one comfortable assurance. In the abysses of space astronomers have found no chaos, but the same "superhuman fixedness of law" displayed in terrestrial matter. The motions of the farthest stars are congruous with the motions of molecules; in the glowing masses that Sir David Gill has finely called the "crucibles of the Creator" there is revealed familiar matter and familiar states of matter. Man's observation of the heavens assures and confirms his observations of the earth.

The Saturday Review.

THE POSTER AND THE PUBLIC.

Modesty is a quality which, in these latter days, is not too obtrusively evident. If it were possible to step from this whimsical planet into a similar world where modesty prevailed, the first things we should miss would be the poster-covered hoardings; then we should note the absence of the comparative and superlative degrees, for which there would be no further use outside the covers of grammar-books. Since none would dare or care to an-

nounce his commodity—soap, or gas-engines, for instance—as better or best, but would merely mention bashfully that he had such excellent things as soap or gas-engines for sale, the questionably sweet uses of advertisement would be to a great extent gone. We should be allowed to purchase in peace the articles we preferred instead of those which jumped at us from our daily papers in swollen and art-less lettering. There would be fewer pa-

pers, and we might occasionally discover some interesting news. On our journeys pills and tonics would no longer rise gaunt from midsummer landscapes or snow-mantled meadows. Nature's palette has many colors, but none so harsh and stark as those man has compounded and thrown thus in her face. She shames them by her fields starred with buttercups and moon-daisies, her garths of wild blue hyacinths, her clustered foxglove spires, her stretches of pink heather on brown moors. Man, seeing these splendors, must hastily brace a few boards together, depict thereon an image of some marvellous cure-all, and place the gallows-like erection amid the flowers, that the other men passing in the train may see it and wonder, and, perchance, buy. In this new planet of diffidence railways would no more show us giant locomotives in an alarming perspective at every street-corner, but would blush—metaphorically—to have to admit that they "got there" more quickly than any other line, and their morals would improve. The study of secular apologetics would boom; courses of lectures would be taken in courtesy; the braggart would be sporadic instead of epidemic.

Since, however, we cannot take this leap into a world so coy and fair, it may be well to glance at the effect of these linguistic pyrotechnics on the manners of the present. Poster-language is a speech apart. It deals in frenzied superlatives, and, terse through exigencies of space, necessarily strains for effect. The town-dweller cannot escape from it. He is constantly reminded that something is "the best," whether it be fenders or feather-beds, coal or claret. If he be an educated person, he has an armor which mercifully preserves him in a state of non-appreciation; if not, he reads and re-reads as he waits for tram or train, and his sense of balance

and proportion is warped. His daily snips of news must be "racy"—too often a euphemism for "exaggerated"—or he will throw his paper down with disgust, complaining that there is nothing in it. His stories, if he reads stories, must be seasoned until the adjetival mustard is half the meal. (Some modern novelists write the poster-language purposely for him, and write it remarkably well.) The posters are generally illustrated, in hues that almost throw a shadow; executed, one would imagine, in twenty slaps from a full brush, bringing to mind sometimes the ubiquitous *Vesuvius in Eruption* of village best-parlors, sometimes a badly-arranged sunset. What chance is there, after a few years of incessant eye-contact with such cardinal sins—from which are honorably excepted many railway and steamship posters—that the poor fellow shall have any idea of art at all? Two men the other day were contemplating a creditable reproduction of the famous *Nocturne in Blue and Silver* displayed in a shop-window. "It may be all right for them as knows," remarked one, "but I can't see much in it myself." Remembering the proverb of doctors who disagree, it is perhaps hardly fair to complain of them for want of appreciation in this particular instance, but the principle remains the same. To which picture is the crowd attracted in the galleries? To the one with the most flamboyant coloring; and the universal commendation is "lovely." The crowd "can't see much" in harmonies of gray and green; its eyesight is spoiled; the world beautiful is barred off by a ten-foot hoarding covered with violent purple and pink and blue, with a border of poppies and sunflowers. The violet as an emblem is not good; we should set up and worship a sunflower. Real, blatant brag is all round us in the business as well as the social rela-

tions of life; it shows in our clothes, although the young man in search of a wife, who crowds on all sail in order that the "not impossible she" may discern what a fine fellow he is, is not necessarily immodest. The male bird struts his little circle, full-feathered and trim, to eclipse the charms of his rivals and win the tricksy beauty on the next bough but one. It is merely one of the world's necessities, virility flowing into a certain channel, restrained, sometimes, in the human instance, by common sense. In other matters, delicacy becomes incompetence; bombast is the admirable accomplishment. The baser things of this world are impressed on the mind of the passer-by; to catch his custom each new effort in poster-design or poster-speech must flame or shout more strenuously than the last. On the pier of a certain seaside town, an advertisement of tobacco in huge black letters on a yellow ground appears several times, mounted so that from whichever direction the onlooker approaches he must see it. A sunny day, with the blue sea for background, renders the effect disastrous; the eye, endeavoring to take in the superb view of hills and ocean beyond, can-

not cancel those disfiguring slabs of yellow; they insist upon their place in the scheme of things, which is precisely what the advertiser wanted. Similar instances will occur to any reader.

Where is the censor of advertisements? If the days of the old painted sign-boards are past for ever, has our good taste gone with them? We line our omnibuses with untidy, sprawling letters; we plaster bills upon every available blank space, and cover our underground stations with such a nightmare of enamelled plates and "pictures" that it is a wonder how our visitors, who do not possess the Londoner's sixth sense of knowing at which station he is, ever alight at their correct destinations at all. And every glance at that heterogeneous mess is a reminder that nowadays modesty does not pay; we are in a hurry—about what? Those who would tread quiet byways "to be rich in sunny hours and summer days—wealth to be spent lavishly," as Thoreau has it, will find few to accompany them. That shameful, brazen "get on, or get out," holds the field.

The question is whether it is not better to get out.

Wilfrid L. Randell.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A highly important book on Japan is announced as in preparation by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. It is entitled "The Japanese Nation in Evolution," and its author, Dr. William E. Griffis, is peculiarly fitted for his subject, as he has witnessed many of the great inner events and changes which he describes. After Perry gained entrance to the "Hermit Kingdom," Dr. Griffis was one of the earliest educators sent from America; since which

time he has enjoyed the friendship of the Mikado and other leading Japanese.

A new work on the Russo-Japanese War, which promises to possess exceptional interest, is announced for early publication in Russia. This is "The Memoirs of General Linévitch," who succeeded to the chief command of the Russian armies on the resignation of General Kuropatkin. The

book will consist of two volumes, the first giving a detailed statement of the facts, and the second recording the general's opinion of the causes of the Russian disaster. General Linévitch is well known to have been an advocate for the continuance of the war.

Prince Borghese's sensational ride across Central Asia should go far to stimulate public interest in the romance of motor travel. An official account of the journey will doubtless be put in hand at the earliest moment. Meanwhile we are to have another volume of similar interest entitled "Through Persia in a Motor Car, by Russia and the Caucasus." The author, M. Claude Anet, accompanied a party of five men and two ladies in a tour through Bessarabia, the Caucasus, and the Crimea, and then through Central Persia, and had a very eventful experience. The expedition was suggested by Prince Emmanuel Bibesco, who has taken part in the Pekin-Paris race.

Two books about books likely to be of special interest to bibliophiles are shortly to appear. Messrs. Constable have in preparation a volume on "The Book: Its History and Development," which has been written by Mr. Cyril Davenport, of the British Museum. Mr. Davenport has made a special study of bookbinding and book illustration. The volume deals fully with both these sides of book-making, but it also traces the gradual evolution of the book from its rudest beginnings to the *édition de luxe* of our own day. The other volume, which Mr. Werner Laurie will publish, is called "The Building of a Book," and contains a number of non-technical articles intended to be of practical help to all who are engaged in the preparation,

manufacture, or sale of books. Both volumes will be copiously illustrated.

If the Masters of the Seven Seas do not "hear and understand," according to Mr. Kipling's exhortation, it is not because the "native-born" are reluctant to explain themselves, and the latest explanation, Miss Winifred James's "Bachelor Betty" is in every way a pleasant book. Betty, otherwise Elizabeth Beresford, can write a little, and declining to live with her well-married sister, or their managing aunt she goes to England with none too many shillings in her little purse and a story in her little head, and a determination to win literary success. While winning it, she leads very nearly the life of any well-born bachelor girl with good introductions, and her comments on English ways and English folk are droll yet acute and her summary of Australian character written to read before an Australian club is extraordinarily clever. With a resolve not to give any English hearer a chance to call her boastful, or an opportunity to hurl Australian faults at her she so carefully balances all her praise with expositions of traits of which the average Australian is unconscious or ashamed, that her countrymen refrain from stoning her only because she is a woman. The one solecism of the book, that of using an objective for a possessive in the government of a participle, as in the phrases, "them having a cat," "me owning a house" is sadly common in the work of English and American authors, and must not be charged to Australia. The tale ends happily for every one except a man whom Betty has been snubbing for his good, and whom she leaves "walking one and one" as he deserves. E. P. Dutton & Co.

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